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THE world at large naturally look with attention at the publications of so respectable a body as the Royal Society. Their fame has been widely extended, and the greatest geniusses in Europe are proud of being enrolled among its members. The institution was avowedly for the improvement of knowledge and benefit of mankind, and the philosophicall world has been much enlightened by their communications, and would undoubtedly be more so if the Society would condescend to rescind one of their rules, and sometimes favour the public with their opinion as a body, instead of leaving reasoning as well as facts wholly on the credit of an individual, whose knowledge, though great, cannot reasonably be supposed to be equal to that of a society of philosophers. Their mode of selecting the respective papers for publication is, the importance or singularity of the subjects, or the advantageous manner of treating them, without pretending to answer for the certainty of facts, or propriety of reasonings, which must rest on the credit or judgment of their respective authors. This we think a very defective method, as it wholly deprives the public of the collective opinion of a society intended to promulgate knowledge.

We sincerely hope to see this rule altered, as their declared opinion would determine many things which are doubtful to the public, though perhaps clearly demonstrated to the society.

This volume begins with an account of the cure of the St. Vitus's dance by electricity, in a letter from Anthony Fothergill, F. R. S. and M. D. at Northampton. The patient was a girl of ten years of age, deprived of her speech and

and totally debilitated, on whom the various usual remedies had been unsuccessfully tried, was in eighteen days perfectly restored to her health by electricity alone. This, with some other successful cases, induced the Doctor to give electricity a distinguished place in the class of antispasmodics.

The other articles are

“A case in which the head of the os humeri was sawn off, and yet the motion of the limb preserved. By Mr. Daniel Orred, of Chester, Surgeon. Communicated by Thomas Percival, M. D. F. R. S. and A. S. and member of the royal society of physicians at Paris.—Experiments on some mineral substances. By Peter Woulfe, F. R. S. Communicated at the desire of William Hunter, F. R. S. and physician extraordinary to the queen.—Account of a petrefaction found on the coast of East Lothian. By Edward King, Esq; F. R. S.—Account of Dr. Knight’s method of making artificial loadstones. By Mr. Benjamin Wilson, F. R. S.—Account of an extraordinary dropical case. By Mr. John Latham, in a letter to Mr. Warner, F. R. S.—Problems concerning interpolations. By Edward Waring, M. D. F. R. S. and of the Institute of Bononia, Lucasian Professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge.—*Disquisitio de tempore Periodico Comete anni 1770 observatio Autore J. A. Lexell, academize scientiarum petrop. Socio.* Communicated by Nevil Maskelyne, D. D. F. R. S. and astronomer royal.—On the general resolution of algebraical equations. By Edward Waring, M. D. F. R. S. and of the Institute of Bononia, Lucasian professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge.—Observations on the total (with duration) and annular eclipse of the sun, taken on the 24th of June, 1778, on board the *Espagne*, being the Admiral’s ship of the fleet of New Spain, in the passage from the Azores towards Cape St. Vincent’s. By Don Antonio Ulloa, F. R. S. commander of the said squadron; communicated by Samuel Horsley, L. L. D. F. R. S.—*Tentamen continens theoriam machinæ sublicarum. Autore Thoma Bugge, astronomo regio, astron. et mathem. prof. in academia Havniensi, e societatibus scient. Havniens. et Nidros.* Communicated by Sir John Pringle, Bart. F. R. S.—Account of an iconantidiptic telescope, invented by Mr. Jeurat, of the academy of sciences of Paris. Communicated by John Hyacinth de Magellans, F. R. S.—Account of the organs of speech of the Orang Outang. By Peter Camper, M. D. late professor of anatomy, &c. in the university of Groningen, and F. R. S. in a letter to Sir John Pringle, F. R. S.—Account of the effects of lightning on board the *Atlas*. By Allen Cooper, Esq; master of the *Atlas East Indiaman*. In a letter to Joseph Banks, Esq; P. R. S.—Extracts of three letters from John Longfield, M. D. at Corke in Ireland, to the astronomer royal, containing some astronomical observations; together with the longitude of Corke, deduced from the said observations, by the astronomer royal.—The latitude of Madras in the East Indies, deduced from observations made by William Stephens, chief engineer. Communicated by John Call, Esq; F. R. S.—

Account of an infant musician. By Charles Burney, Doctor of Music and F. R. S.—Account of the method of cultivating the sugar cane. By Mr. Cazaud; communicated by Joseph Banks, Esq; P. R. S.—Account of the Free Martin. By John Hunter, Esq; F. R. S.—Meteorological journal kept at the house of the Royal Society, by order of the president and council.

For the entertainment of our readers we shall give some account of No. 4, on a petrefaction found on the coast of East Lothian, by Edw. King, Esq; F. R. S. After a short introduction he gives an account of the specimens as follows.

"In the year 1745 the Fox man of war was unfortunately stranded on the coast of East Lothian in Scotland, and there went to pieces; and the wreck remained about three and thirty years under water; but this last year a violent storm from the North East laid a part of it bare, and several masses, consisting of iron, ropes, and balls, were found on the sands near the place, covered over with a very hard ochry substance, of the colour of iron, which adhered thereto so strongly, that it required great force to detach it from the fragments of the wreck. And, upon examination, this substance appeared to be sand, concreted and hardened into a kind of stone.

"The specimen now laid before the society had been taken out of the sea, from the same spot, some time before, and is a consolidated mass that had undergone the same change. It contains a piece of rope that was adjoining to some iron ring, and probably had been tied thereto. The substance of the rope is very little altered; but the sand is so concreted round it, as to be as hard as a bit of rock, and retains very perfectly impressions of parts of the ring, just in the same manner as impressions of extraneous fossil bodies are often found in various kinds of strata.

"Now, considering these circumstances, we may fairly conclude, in the first place, that there is, on the coasts of this island, a continual progressive induration of masses of sand and other matter at the bottom of the ocean, somewhat in the same manner as there is at the bottom of the Adriatic sea, according to the account given by Dr. Donati.*

"And, in the next place (which is what more particularly deserves our attention on this occasion) it should seem that iron, and the solutions of iron, contribute very much to hasten and promote the progress of the concretion and induration of stone, whenever they meet and are united with those cementing crystalline particles which there is reason to believe are the more immediate cause of the consolidation of all stones and marbles whatsoever, and which do very much abound in sea water.

"This appears, in some degree, from the present specimens; where, near adjoining to the ring, and in the portion of the fragment that has the largest impression thereof, the concreted

* See the Phil. Transf. vol. 49, p. 558.

sand-stone is of a firmer texture, and there is a larger cohering mass formed about that part of the rope, than about those parts that are further removed from the ring.

“ It appears also from a circumstance that was particularly taken notice of when the wreck was discovered by the storm this year (and which is mentioned, Sir, in the letter you favoured me with a sight of); for the masses that were observed to have these concretions adhering to them, were not masses of timber, or other large fragments of the wreck, which one would think, on a slight consideration of the matter, were most likely to cause obstructions at the bottom of the ocean, and to form little banks of sand that might afterwards be concreted; but they were masses of loose iron and ropes, and even of cannon balls, which were thus consolidated.

“ The same conclusion also may be drawn, with still more appearance of its being well founded, from a very remarkable piece of antiquity, which was discovered about three years ago on the coast of Kent. Some fishermen, sweeping for anchors in the Gull stream (a part of the sea near the Downs) drew up a very curious old swivel gun, near eight feet in length. The barrel of the gun, which was about five feet long, was of brass; but the handle (whereby it was to be turned or traversed) which was about three feet in length, and also the swivel and pivot on which it turned, were of iron, and all round these latter, and especially about the swivel and pivot, were formed exceeding hard incrustations of sand, converted into a kind of stone, of an exceeding strong texture and firmness; whereas round the barrel of the gun, except where it was near adjoining to the iron, there were no such incrustations at all, the greater part of it being clean, and in good condition, just as if it had still continued in use.*

“ The incrustation round the iron part of this gun was also the more deserving of attention, because it inclosed within it, and also held fastly adhering to it on the outside, a number of shells and corallines, just in the same manner as they are often found in a fossil state. There were plainly to be distinguished, on the outside of this mass of incrustation, pectens, cockles, limpets, mussels, *sermiciuli marini* and *balini*; and besides these, one *buccinum* and one oyster; and they were all so thoroughly and strongly fixed thereto, and themselves also converted into such an hard substance, that it required as much force to separate or break them, as to break a fragment off any hard rock; and in colour and appearance they much resembled some of the masses of fossil bodies found near Chippenham in Wiltshire.

“ This remarkable incrustation, therefore, thus confined to the parts of the gun adjoining to the iron, and appearing no where else

* As there were several remarkable particularities in this gun, tending to explain some curious facts in history, I took the liberty to give a full account of it, with a view to illustrate them, in a memoir laid before the antiquarian society last year.

upon it, plainly indicates, that the iron was, by some means or other, the more immediate cause thereof; and yet it is to be observed, that in this instance the iron was very little dissolved; for although it is manifest, from some circumstances in its history, that the gun must have remained in the sea above two hundred years, and probably a great deal longer, yet the greater part of the handle and of the swivel remained entire, and even the point of the pivot was undissolved, and very visible.

After mentioning some other circumstances, the author acquaints us that Dr. Fothergill,

“On passing through the streets of London in his walks, before the sign-irons were taken down, he perceived, that on the broad stone pavements, whenever he came just under any sign-irons, his cane gave a different sound, and occasioned a different kind of resistance to the hand from what it did elsewhere; and attending more particularly to this circumstance, he found that every where, under the drip of those irons, the stones had acquired a greater degree of solidity, and a wonderful hardness, so as to resist any ordinary tool, and gave, when struck upon, a metallic sound; and this fact, by repeated observations, he was at length most thoroughly convinced of.

“Taking the hint, therefore, from hence, he thought fit to make several experiments; and amongst the rest placed two pieces of Portland stone in the same aspect and situation in every respect; but washed the one frequently with water impregnated with rusty iron, and left the other untouched: and in a very few years he found the former had acquired a very sensible degree of that hardness before described, and on being struck gave the metallic sound; whilst the other remained in its original state; and subject to the decays occasioned by the changes of the weather, which we find in many instances make a most rapid progress.”

This is a fact that merits a particular enquiry, and though we have the highest respect for the author, we should have been pleased to have seen a note in the society's name, that so simple and easy an experiment had been made, and succeeded under their inspection, declaring what was the proportionate solidity the stone had acquired in a certain time. This would have been a valuable piece of information, and have done the society more honour than their ridiculous resolution “never to give their opinion as a body upon any subject either of nature or art that comes before them.”

Had these experiments been thus carefully made, our author need not have used the cautious, or rather doubtful word *if* in the following sentence.

“If iron and the solution of iron do thus contribute to the induration of bodies, such solutions must probably have that tendency in every stage of those bodies existence; and therefore it seems likely, that the fine ornamental carvings in Portland or other stone,

stone, might be much hardened and preserved for a much longer time than has been usual, from the injuries of the weather, by being washed and brushed over by water, in which is infused a solution of iron. And perhaps even the softer kinds of stones might have been preserved by this means; and the venerable remains of that fine pile of building Henry the VIIth's chapel might have been saved from that destruction with which we now see it ready to be overwhelmed.

"It is very probable, moreover, that common sea sand, with a very small admixture of a solution of iron, may at length, without any great expence, be converted into a most useful species of stone, and be applied to the purpose of covering the fronts of houses even more durably, and in as beautiful a manner as some of the late invented stuccos; and even those stuccos may be improved by means of the same mixture."

These observations are worthy their author, and have been already applied, in some measure, in this country to use; but in Germany, particularly in Pomerania, they have lately made large quantities of artificial stone from common sand (not sea sand) and some other mixture, which promises to be of the greatest utility, as it is very cheap, and can be made in molds into any shape. Very large pillars have been made there entire of this stone, without the aid of fire; and we trust some of our ingenious countrymen will shortly be able to excel in this, as well as in most other arts, as we know such are now engaged in the enquiry.

(To be continued.)

Lectures on the universal Principles and Duties of Religion and Morality. As they have been read in Margaret-Street, Cavendish Square, in the Years 1776 and 1777. By the Rev. David Williams, 2 vols. 4to. 1l. 1s. boards. Doddsley.

That the Christian religion came down from heaven, and that its extraction is divine, we may be convinced by a fair and impartial enquiry. Let us only peruse the holy scriptures with diligence and attention, and an *honest heart*, and then, if we be guided by the dictates of reason, we must without hesitation acknowledge the truths asserted in the divine volume. For so conclusive are the arguments, and so convincing the evidence relative to the nativity, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of our blessed Lord and Saviour, that the reality of every individual circumstance attending them, ought to be assented to by every rational being, as it appears

appears to be void of the least shadow of doubt. Had they not been so cogent and powerful, perhaps, the erroneous notions of cavilling infidels might have subverted the genuine belief of faithful Christians, and have usurped the prerogative so far over them, as to stagger their resolutions in heavenly pursuits. But thanks be to God, this is not so; for the arguments produced by the Infidel party, are all, comparatively speaking, but trifling and transparent, and are frequently a confutation of themselves. Whereas those of Christian advocates are fixed on a solid basis, even 'upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone,' so that they are capable of withstanding and resisting the most impetuous attacks of their adversaries; and they appear the more conclusive, the more they are cavilled at by opposing misguided disputants. *Marce't sine adversario virtus*, says Seneca, which sentence is conformable to the assertion of the apostle, that 'there must be heresies.' The reason is annexed. 'Tis 'that they which are approved may be made manifest.' From this opposition the Christian religion shines with redoubled lustre. As the sun after an eclipse appears brighter, so the lustre of the gospel of the 'Sun of Righteousness,' though obscured for a time by opposition, is encreased, and its benign influence more extensively diffused. This should be sufficient, any reasonable person would imagine, to dart conviction into the minds of arrogant sons of infidelity, and to make them sensible of the weakness of their efforts to subvert Christianity. But alas! their minds seem to be steeled against conviction. They refuse to hear, like the deaf adder, the voice of the charmer, let him charm ever so wisely.

They are so desperately befotted, as to treat the lively oracles of God, contained in the gospel, with contempt; which have had such an undeniable confirmation, by miracles from heaven. It is demonstrably true, that this wicked disposition originates from perverse wilfulness, and an incorrigible obstinacy, and not any want of satisfactory evidence. It is an impossibility to strike those with conviction, who are resolutely fixed to admit of no evidence. If they are capable of resisting the powerful and convictive proofs, that have been already produced in favour of Christianity, they would undoubtedly reject all other means, in case any should be offered, for their conviction. Nay, should the God of Heaven vouchsafe to send them a messenger from the dead, they would still persevere in their infidelity. To this purpose the following sentence is definitive. 'If they hear not

Moses

Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded that one rose from the dead.'

We heartily wish (according to what Bishop Sherlock says) 'that every man, who argues against the Christian religion, would take this one serious thought along with him; that he must one day, if he believe that God will judge the world, argue the case once more at the judgment seat of God; and let him try his reasons accordingly. Do you reject the gospel, because you will admit nothing that pretends to be a Revelation? Consider well; is it a reason that you will justify to the face of God? Will you tell him, that you had resolved to receive no positive commands from him, nor to admit of any of his declarations for law? If it will not be a good reason then, it is not a good reason now; and the stoutest heart will tremble to give such an impious reason to the Almighty, which is a plain defiance to his wisdom and authority.'

If we trace what is commonly called free-thinking at this period, by a strange and preposterous perversion of language, we shall discover that it doth not arise from any distinguished superiority of understanding, or brilliancy of parts, but the preponderance of corrupt affections. On this account, we hope; we shall not be accused of uncharitableness, if we apply to the infidels of the present age, the observation of our blessed Lord himself, originally addressed to the infidels of his age. 'This is the condemnation, that *light* is come into the world, and men loved *darkness* rather than *light*, because their deeds were *evil*.'

Mankind are powerfully influenced in their choice, actions, and pursuits, by all prejudices and prepossessions. Vicious habits must necessarily be productive of prejudices of the most inveterate kind, and as they interest the passions, they are subdued with the utmost difficulty.

Here we shall take the liberty to transcribe a very beautiful passage from a Poem, entitled 'An Essay on Human Nature,' written by the late Lord Paget.

'Inured to falsehood, we ourselves deceive,
Oft what we wish, we fancy, we believe;
We call that judgment which is only will,
And as we act, we learn to argue ill.'

There is an amazing propensity in men to argue from what custom has led them to adopt. For the above mentioned author farther observes;

'Customs or interest govern all mankind,
Some bias cleaves to the unguarded mind.'

Through

Through this, as in a false or flatt'ring glass
 Things seem to change their natures as they pass.
 Objects the same, in different lights appear,
 And but the colours which we give 'em wear.
 Error and fraud from this great source arise,
 All fools are modish, and all knaves are wise.
 Who does not boast some merit of his own,
 Though to himself perhaps 'tis only known?
 Each suit rewards to his own sav'rite vice,
 Pride has its crowns, and lust its paradise.'

Vice deemed odious in itself, and when viewed in its proper light and genuine colours, would appear so to all; yet when the partial prejudices of the heart have obscured the mind, its deformity is rendered scarcely visible. From a natural abhorrence of it, we proceed to view it with indifference, and growing familiar with its form, we begin to approve of it. From an inferior degree of approbation, we proceed to higher, and from a *trembling step* towards it, we eagerly rush to embrace it.

Thus the prepossessions in favour of vice, from the continued practice of it, will naturally excite a dread and abhorrence of that *light*, which hath an immediate tendency to rectify the prejudices of the Infidel, and shew how false his scale of judgment is. Sin is universally opposed, and dreadfully threatened by the gospel of Christ. Now, either vice is hateful in itself, and dangerous in its effects, or the gospel must be false and fictitious. This consequence is unavoidable. As a truly good man would wish to see the gospel confirmed by every argument that reason can advance, or facts illustrate, because his interest is deeply concerned in its truth, so on the contrary, a bad man's love for his iniquitous deeds, will naturally lead him to indulge a wish to the prejudice of the gospel; and nothing could afford him higher satisfaction, than to see that which so much condemns and threatens him, on account of his infidelity and vicious courses, prove to be a fiction and a mere imposture. For he cannot proceed in his wicked courses with quite so much ease and content, whilst he entertains the most distant idea of the certainty of a book which flashes his guilt and danger so often in his face. Could he absolutely induce himself to believe it to be the cunning stratagem of art, or the trick of priestcraft, and vision of fancy, or the glare of enthusiasm, he might then continue in his sin without remorse, and leave consequences to implicit fools, at which they may startle and recoil. A man in this situation is prepared to receive with great eager-

ness every infidel argument that tends to overthrow the gospel; but the arguments of the advocates in its behalf, he is disposed in his callous and hardened heart to reject as soon as ever they are offered; or at least if they, by their superior evidence force themselves on his mind, he *mightily* strives to stifle the conviction, by vain and sophistical quibbles, and refuses to give such arguments their due weight and influence. He dares not pursue the evidence, lest he should be reduced to this disagreeable alternative, to believe the gospel of Christ, and so live in perpetual uneasiness, at the awful consequences of his evil ways; or abandon his beloved and bosom sins, and turn his feet to the testimonies of God.

God forbid, that we should rashly condemn any, but we are induced to believe that most of the Deists in our land, reject the gospel on those principles, which we have now mentioned. Those who arrogate the name of *Free-Thinkers*, are generally rendered so by *free-living*. This metamorphosis suits their taste and inclinations.

We were led into the above reflections from the work under consideration. And as the cause of divine truth is weighty and important, we hope, our most earnest and zealous endeavours in its defence need no apology.

Mr. Williams's excentricity hath already engaged our attention;* and we have delivered our sentiments on some of his former productions. The Lectures now before us (which Mr. W. we suppose, estimates as his *opus palmarium*) are replete with *poison*; poison of the most noxious quality. They are designed to lull into a lethargy that better part of man, his immortal soul. Perhaps this doctrine may quiet Mr. Williams's apprehensions, for the present, and sooth his pride with flattery—but dreadful! a day of reckoning will most assuredly come, when every individual must be accountable for his thoughts, words and actions.

Our author, it must be confessed, is endowed with no inconsiderable share of *sense*, but alas! it is employed for the worst of all purposes, even an avowed contempt and denial of his blessed Lord, and most gracious Redeemer. This is *literally running into the fire*, with open eyes, when the sun is in his meridian splendor. He may with propriety apply to himself the following words of the comic poet:

*Prudens, sciens,
Vivens, videnſque Pereo.*

* Vid. 3d. and 9th. vols. of the London Review.

'Tis strange that men should thus abuse the talents they are favoured with by Almighty God.

Mr. Williams begins his introduction, with the common definition of insanity, and after producing proofs of it, that have been urged, he *prudentially* informs us, that they are not applicable to himself, and then mentions the following facts to *clear* himself from such an *imputation*. Which, as they imply the history of the institution in Margaret-Street, consisting of public worship, on the universal principles of morals, we will lay them before our readers.

"I quitted the customary offices of the profession to which I was educated, for reasons which have been already assigned.* But either because religion is essential to the mind; or because the habits of a profession are, like all others, very difficult to be suspended, I could not rest satisfied out of my employment. On intimating my situation, I had hopes given me of the most flattering encouragement. But on seeing my plan extended beyond the limits of the Christian church, they were withdrawn, and my papers were put up, for I had none of the views of reformers and apostles; and it was my intention not to engage, until it appeared to be for the *service* and *pleasure* of others as well as my own.

"In conversation with a man of the first rank in the present age, as a philosopher and politician, this subject was introduced; and his *sentiments* and *wishes* agreeing with mine, some persons of our acquaintance were applied to, who were found so *well-disposed*, that several meetings were appointed; and the *Liturgy* which I had drawn up, underwent four or five impressions, for the purposes of being corrected and accommodated to their *judgment* and *taste*.

"These circumstances are mentioned to obviate the charge of presumption; and to testify, that in a *great* and *important* undertaking, every step in my power was taken to shew I *respected* that public, whose prepossessions I might affect; and did not rush before it, with the hasty and insolent impetuosity of an infatuated enthusiast.

"I am sensible the plan may be injuriously degraded, by appearing to be the unadvised project of any individual, for his own emolument and advantage; a circumstance which could not fail of classing it with the design of fanatics to reform churches, or of missionaries to gain dominion by new opinions.

"*This business* has not any thing in common with *such designs*. The Liturgy on the universal principles of religion and morality, was first intended as a *gratification* and *pleasure*, to a small number of persons, who could worship on no other; to be publicly used, on the supposition that it would afford the same *gratification* and

* Vide Appendix to the 2d. Edition of Essays on Public Worship.
M 2 pleasure,

pleasure, to great numbers in the *same circumstances*, and bring me some recompense for my trouble in using it.

"When the design was made public, the expectations entertained by some, and the apprehensions of others were equally ill founded and extravagant. Nay, the opinions formed on the steps which have been hitherto taken, are not the most judicious. Experiments may be to the public as fallacious as fables; they often occasion as many errors, and are always expected to prove too much. If the institution in Margaret-Street were only to prove that a Liturgy may be drawn up, on principles which all mankind acknowledge, and may be used without offence even to sectaries and bigots, it would deserve consideration and respect. A bishop, quitting his diocese, and attended by both Houses of Parliament, in the same experiment, might have given it more eclat, but not more certainty. In the present case, it is a *discovery* made by a private man, at some risque and at some expence. It holds up to the world a fact, which has at all times been deemed incredible; the importance of which to morals and policy, may be understood, when men raise their thoughts from the elementary to the intellectual world; and the benefits of which may be enjoyed in future, by persons, who might not have undergone the *apprehensions, anxieties and inconveniences*, by which it has been ascertained.

"That *good men* of all nations and all religions; that believers in Moses, Christ, and Mahomet, Free-thinkers, Deists, and even Atheists, who acknowledge beneficent principles in nature, may unite in a form of public worship, on all the great and most important truths of piety and morality, can no more be a question;—for it is demonstrated, not by the arts of logic, or the declamation of oratory in books; but by a stated public service, to which any man may have recourse for satisfaction."

Here we have indeed a motly company huddled together,

A little farther on Mr. Williams tells us, that "The Lectures," here presented to the public, "were read at the chapel in Margaret-Street; where the Liturgy, on the universal principles of religion and morality, is used on Sunday mornings."

"They were drawn up," says he, "with all the ability and care I could bestow on them. They are arranged as they were delivered; and may be observed to be part of a methodical series of lectures on those principles and duties which are acknowledged by all mankind."

This performance consists of forty-six Lectures, some on speculative, and others on moral subjects. Many sophisms, in Mr. Williams's speculations, are plainly discernible. His scheme is founded on the law of nature, which he hath rashly represented as perfect and unchangeable. This method of reasoning entirely supercedes the necessity of a revelation.

velation. But this, you will say, was Mr. Williams's ultimate object.

If we rightly understand Christianity we shall find that it is something vastly above what reason could discover or procure for us. It confirms incidentally the law of nature, and appeals to it; it harmonizes throughout with that and every other prior revelation of God's will, as it could not but do, if it were indeed (as it most certainly is) derived from the same eternal source of light and truth. But, for all that, it is no more a simple *republication* of the natural than of any other divine law. It is a new and distinct revelation that perfects and compleats all the rest. It is the consummation of one great providential scheme, planned before the ages, and totally executed in due time, for the redemption of mankind from sin and death, through the mercies of God in Christ Jesus.

Now, in this view, which is that which Christianity exhibits of its own purpose, the scheme of the gospel is not only of the most transcendent *use*, as it confirms, elucidates, enforces the moral law, but of the most *absolute necessity*.*

The law of nature had not the promise of eternal life. Can that law then be said to be perfect? No man of a sound and unbiaſſed judgment will say so. The promise of eternal life was reserved, that the grace of God might be manifested and illustrated by the everlasting gospel of his beloved Son; for he brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

Mr. Williams betrays *mock modesty* in the following passage, with regard to the name of Deist.

"Men should be so far from being ashamed or afraid to be called after the name of the Deity, that they should glory in it, as their highest honour. Nay, no religious appellation should be applied to men, who would act on the principles of universal benevolence, which refers to any being but Almighty God. I speak, therefore, for myself, and from my soul, that when I have been reproached by ignorance with the name of Deist, I felt no other regret than that I was not worthy of that noblest of all appellations. I could look up to Jupiter and Apollo, Mars and Venus, to Moses, Christ, and Mahomed; and not even from my errors and faults be afraid to wear their names; but to be called after a name appropriated to that perfectly wise and perfectly good being, who animates and blesses the universe, seems to call for a character of understanding and virtue, which is alarming; and though I should rejoice in deserving, I should be very cautious in assuming it.

* Vide Bishop Hurd's Sermon, page 73.

As Mr. Williams, "even from his *errors* and *faults*, is not afraid to wear the name of Jupiter, we will fix on him the appellation of the JUPITER of the *Freethinkers*; and this liberty we think we may be indulged in with greater propriety, as he hath asserted in another part of his Lectures, that "every religion has its Jupiter, more or less *excellent* according to the character of its founder."

After speaking of prayer in a strain of contempt, and *showing in his way*, that it is useless our author delivers his *free* sentiments on what "appears to him to be the whole doctrine of devotion."

"All the great principles which influence mankind have arisen from some truths in nature, which have been misapprehended, abused, and artfully and wickedly applied. The first child of nature bowed to the rising sun; the first man who, in the difficulties and distresses occasioned by darkness, saw the moon and worshipped her as a kind deity, acted purely from the gratitude of his heart, and did his duty. This was probably the first religion. The abuse commenced, when men wished to engage these deities on their sides, to the neglect, and even to the injury of other people. When knowledge advanced, so as to give us views of the universe, and of power, intention, and benevolence in the government of it, the first sentiments of men, on contemplating the works of God, were right; they were admiration and gratitude and joy. They found a pleasure and benefit in repeating this contemplation, as those great sentiments were renewed, and a most sublime and charming character held before them, by which they might form and improve their own. This is the real *principle of devotion*, and the proper ground of all rational and useful worship. On this principle, when men asked they found, and were never disappointed. They never contemplated the works of God without raising in their own minds the most pleasing and most useful sentiments, when they considered the perfections displayed in nature, with a view to improve the virtues of their own minds, they never failed of success; for the most noble and commendable ambition was excited in them to become wise and good, by viewing the great wisdom and goodness which every part of God's works exhibited. This appears to me to be the whole doctrine of devotion, and it would be difficult to deduce any duty more clearly than this, from the soundest and most rational principles of nature. And though moralists may class it among those virtues which they should have called elementary, rather than cardinal, yet all wise and good men, who understand those great and combined principles which actuate societies, will see this duty in its proper light, and practise it as its usefulness and importance deserves.

"But it requires uncommon strength of mind to keep clear of the marvellous on every subject, where the imagination is at all employed; or even where the heart is warmly interested. The first

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first abuses of devotion probably arose, like the extravagancies of love, from indulging warm imaginations. The bounds of nature once transgressed, by the well-intended fictions of poetry, all the excesses of superstition were produced; and artful men laid hold of them, for the purposes of avarice and ambition. Hence the idolatry of the antients, most of which we can trace, even at this time, into a poetical mythology, and the use of symbols, which were originally representations of rational sentiments. As a natural and reasonable worship would have secured the improvement and virtue of the people, we see in fact that the absurdities and extravagancies of superstition rivetted on them the chains of ignorance and vice. When christianity was first introduced, the author of it aimed to reduce this doctrine to its first principles. His apostles deviated but little from his design; and the church, for a few centuries, had a worship *different from that of the heathens*. But when christianity entered into an alliance with the state, and was established by Constantine, and made an engine of tyranny to enslave the people, the *gods and goddesses* of antiquity only changed names for those of Christ, the virgin, angels and apostles; the gods were *christened*, Mars into Peter, and Diana or Venus into the Virgin Mary: the altars remained, and all the ceremonies of their worship were heightened, or rendered more absurd, and then transferred to the christian saints. There is hardly any part of the public worship of Europe, which may not be traced to an idolatrous custom of the heathens. The absurdity of *these things* is so glaring, that men who have not great sagacity, great candour, and great patience, are very apt to turn from public worship with disgust, as wholly founded in ignorance and superstition. The very *language* it has adopted is *puerile*, and one might imagine our religious assemblies *crouching* before a *capricious tyrant*, or endeavouring to *amuse* and *coax* into good humour some *fluctuating, wavering, and passionate being*."

Prayer seems to make no part of Mr. Williams's *profession*. He hath observed "*that we have no reason to apprehend that we ever obtain any thing of God for asking*." The conclusion to be drawn is, that a man of such a belief thinks it an *unnecessary* work to pray to God.

Men in a state of mind so abandoned, (if there be *really* any such) will not hesitate to say unto God, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve him? And what *profit* shall we have if we pray unto him?" Perhaps many ask this daring question through insolence, and "answer themselves according to their folly." Folly of the utmost extravagance!

The duty of prayer is indispensable. This is a making known our lawful desires to Almighty God in the name of Christ. But then it is not to be vainly and negligently performed.

God

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God

God requires *purity of heart*. They who worship him must "worship him in *spirit and truth*." When we pray we should not do it with the voice only, "but with the understanding also;" for God giveth audience to the devout prayers of the silent, "who commune with their own hearts and are still."

Christ, of whose divine mission we are perfectly persuaded, hath assured us in the strongest terms, whatever we ask in his name it shall be granted: that our prayers shall be most graciously accepted, and our petitions be complied with, as far as they are consistent with our felicity. In that we ask and receive not, 'tis because we ask amiss. For God is ever more ready to hear than we to offer up our prayers to the throne of grace. Prayer is the chief tribute that he expects from us frail and dependent mortals. This most certainly we ought to pay to so beneficent a being, under all the various exigencies of life. Besides, when prayer is properly directed, it makes the heart serene, and abstracts it from terrestrial things; it *purifieth* from *vice*, elevates to Heaven, and expands it for the reception of what is truly good. For as the sun affords light to the body, so prayer is the light of the soul. But if mankind are *vain mockers*, not caring to preserve, but extinguish that light, how great must their *intellectual darkness* be.

As this article is already considerably extended, we shall defer our farther remarks for a future Review.

Russia: Or, a compleat Historical Account of all the Nations which compose that Empire.

(Continued from page 32.)

The domestic manners of the various provinces of this immense empire are detailed in this entertaining publication with an exactness which sufficiently stamps authenticity on the narrative. The matrimonial and funeral ceremonies are particularly striking. We will begin with those of the Ingrians, one of the Nunish nations.

"When a man is inclined to marry, he buys himself a girl, and celebrates his nuptials. All the way to the church they are accompanied by two women in veils, who sing as they go compositions, if one may call them so, totally destitute of common sense. No sooner is the marriage ceremony performed, than the husband begins to treat his wife with the utmost severity, and thenceforward keeps her under strict discipline; though not always with the greatest attention to justice. She is often beaten for the faults of her children, and sometimes for those of the domestics.

"The

"The dead are buried by the priest of the profession to which they belong; but these superstitious people return to the grave under covert of the night, and having taken up the sod, deposit eatables for their departed friend, which they renew during a fortnight or three weeks. Dogs and other animals easily scratch up these victuals and devour them, while the good folks that placed them there believe they were consumed by the deceased. Their general opinion is, that they continue to live in the subterranean world in the same manner as they did on the surface of the earth; and that the grave is little more than a change of habitation: for which reason they bury their money, that they may have it to use in the world to come. They speak to their deceased friends, and go to their tomb for that purpose; but at the same time are much afraid of them. Some gentlemen, not long ago, surprised a woman in the environs of St. Petersburg in this act, and heard her without being perceived. She was telling her deceased husband, that a fortnight after his decease she married again; that to appease his manes, and to prevent his doing her any injury for it, she had approached his grave, upon which she had laid herself flat, crying grievously, and making bitter lamentations; and at length she concluded by saying, with many tragical gestures, "Behold, thou art dead. Alas! alas! But be not angry with me that I have married this lad much younger than thee. Alas! alas! I will not take the less care of thy son, thy little darling. Alas! &c."

"Among their holy places there is one upon the road to Riga, at the distance of about ten versts from Petersburg. It is formed by a large lime-tree, whose branches are interwoven with those of the forest that are nearest to it, and forms a delightful natural bower. Peter the Great was charmed with this lovely spot, and used frequently to stop at it."

Of the Tschheremisses our author observes,

"In earlier times this people led a pastoral life; but by degrees they imitated the Russians, and have begun to plough the earth, and cultivate their fields; because the land they occupy being much smaller than what they formerly possessed, they are no longer able to draw a maintenance from their flocks alone.

"In their exterior, the Tschheremisses are a sort of mean between the Tartars and the Russians: but the men have neither the vivacity nor the determined character of the Russians; and their women are much inferior to those of Russia, as well in regard to comeliness, as in gaiety of temper, and vanity of dress; though otherwise the Tschheremissian women are tolerably well made.

"What the Tschheremisses want in alertness they make up for in industry. They are headstrong and suspicious, like all other unpolished people. They have no calculation of time, either by

years or months; and are totally destitute of all tradition concerning their ancestors.

"These people never dwell in towns. Each village is composed of about thirty houses at the utmost; which, in like manner with those of the Russians, has a sort of provost, called *Sotnik*, an under provost, or *Defatnik*; instead of both which, some villages have only a *Starost*, or elder, whom they chuse from among themselves. It is his business, besides labouring like his brethren, to hear complaints, adjust differences, and inflict punishments.

"The farm consists of a hut of only one room for the family, a few stables and out-houses in the yard, none of which are contiguous, and several little magazines built each on a perpendicular bank, which serve them also for chambers in the summer season. All these buildings are of wood, forming a square, the area of which between the different huts is all open. Their rooms for winter are built at the height of about four or five feet over a cellar, to which you ascend by a few clumsy steps, under a covering of planks. Each room contains, besides the oven, a hearth for culinary purposes, and a broad bench for the family to sleep on. Sometimes the kitchen is in the dwelling-house, and then it is called the Black Room, which in truth it is from the smoke, which has no vent by means of a chimney. The doors of their rooms are very low; and instead of a window a hole is made of about a foot and a half square, covered with bladders or linen, to answer the purposes of glass. Their household goods resemble those of the Russian villagers.

"All the Tscheremisses are husbandmen in the style of the Russian peasants. The pagans still abhor pork; and it is only a very few of such as have been baptized that are able to conquer this prejudice. In winter they follow hunting.

"This people are neither enterprising nor skilful, and consequently are poor. If any one possesses thirty horses, as many horned cattle, and about forty sheep, he is a great man amongst them.

"The women are employed in sewing, in making linen, and embroidering their linen garments with wool of their own dying. The Tscheremisses are totally regardless of cleanliness in their cloaths as well as in their victuals. The pagans eat indifferently the flesh of horses, bears, and all sorts of birds; and in case of necessity, even of carnivorous animals; but they will never touch any animal that died by sickness or accident. They understand the management of bees, both wild and domestic, exceedingly well; and are very fond of fishing. They never meddle with weaving, though the Russian peasants succeed so well in that employment. Their imposts consist in a capitation tax according to the number of males in each district, in recruits, and in the relay of horses they are obliged to furnish. Some Tscheremissian villages in the district of Koungour pay their tribute in the furs of martens.

"The

"The dress of the men is nearly like that of the Russians, excepting that they comb their hair from the crown of the head straight down, and then cut it all round nearly close to the head. The collar, wristbands, and bosom of their shirts, are embroidered with coloured worsted. Their coat is of a coarse Russian cloth, made of black wool, and has a cape behind like that of our English furcoat, and an opening in the skirts on each side. The dress of the married women is the same as that of the girls, only better worked. They wear trousers; and instead of stockings wrap their legs in linen rags; * their shoes are made of the bark of trees, cut into stripes, and matted. In the summer season they wear nothing over their shift; which is not put into the trousers, but hangs over them all round. This shift is close at the neck and the wrist, cut into shape, and comes down to the knees. The neck, the wristbands, and all the seams, are covered with a whimsical embroidery of different coloured worsted; a large buckle holds it together at the bosom, and a girdle round the waist. When they would be more dressed than ordinary, they put over this shift a habit like a morning gown, made of various-coloured cloths, and tolerably fine; to this latter they generally give an edging of beaver. Their caps are very high, and in the shape of a cone; they call them *schourki*, and make them of the bark of birch, covered with skin or linen, adorned with glass beads, little white shells, and small silver money. From this cap a ribbon three inches broad, called *schirkama*, garnished in the same manner as the cap, falls down the back. Some wear a broad ribbon on the forehead, covered with pieces of money and glass beads, instead of the *schourk*, and this kind of head-dress is called *schpou*. The Tschermislian women of the provinces of Oufa and Viatik commonly wear a number of rings, thimbles, and all sorts of rattling pendants, at their girdles, which ornaments reach down to the joint of the knee behind; and as she walks thus curiously adorned, her trappings make a noise which offends the ears."

"The Votiaks bargain for their wives, and those who retain their paganism have as many as they can purchase: however it is not very common for them to take two or more at a time. The negotiation of a marriage is called *yerasebou*, and the price that is paid for the wife *yerdaun*, which is, for the most part, between five and fifteen rubles; and the dowry of the bride is always in proportion to the sum she costs her husband. Interest is the only thing that determines them to marry, and then decides their choice; yet they never marry their sons under ten years of age, nor their daughters till they are fifteen."

"On bringing the *yerdaun* to his father-in-law, the young man takes back his bride, who is delivered to him covered with a veil."

* Haybands are often used for this purpose, when they go on horseback in the winter. But the linen rags are their common wear; and are tied on, to keep them from unwrapping, by a rush, or piece of packthread, passed several times round the calf of the leg.

On his return home, he finds guests assembled in his father's house, to whom the bride is presented, after having been previously taken aside into another room, and clothed in the dress of a married woman, who, whilst the *tor-karz*, or priest, makes the oblation of a cup of beer to the gods, sits in the door-way upon a piece of cloth, laid there for that purpose: the object of the offering is to procure bread, riches, and children, to the new-married couple, who drink of the beer blessed by the priest, which act may be called the sacerdotal benediction of the nuptials. This done, one of the bride-maids presents beer or mead to all the guests, and the bride kneels down before every one of them till he has drank off his goblet: then they eat and drink as much as they are able, and dance till the young people are put to bed.

"Some weeks after the wedding, the bride's father comes to examine into the house-keeping, and brings the remainder of the dowry; or, instead of it, some pieces of household stuff, and takes back his daughter, whom he keeps from her husband two or three months, and sometimes even a whole year. During all this time she dresses like a virgin, and is employed at work sometimes for her parents, and at others for herself. At the end of the determined space, the husband comes to demand his wife, who shews as much repugnance at following him as she did on the day of her marriage; the same crying at taking leave of her parents, and the same reluctance at going to bed: however, she soon suffers herself to be persuaded, and easily admits of consolation. The friends of the family are again regaled, and make even greater merriment than they did on the day of the marriage. The wedding of a widow is conducted with much less ceremony.

"Among the Tscheremisses, and indeed amongst all the people who thus buy their wives, it often happens that a lover who is poor, or has been refused for any other cause, carries off his mistress by force: but the Votiaks put this expedient into practice most frequently of any of them. The manner in which this gallant expedition is conducted is as follows: the young hero comes by night, accompanied with several other determined champions, to surprize the girl in bed, whom they put upon a horse, and then all ride off as fast as they can gallop. If it happens that the rape is immediately discovered, and the ravisher taken, he may expect to lose his sweetheart, and to receive a hearty drubbing to boot. It is not uncommon for a young Votiak to carry off from the fields a young woman whom he never knew before. No sooner is he arrived at a place of safety than he hastens to consummation, in the presence of several witnesses, at once to secure the possession of his lady, and to obtain a wife at less expence; for the parents, notwithstanding this accident, will not let him have her for nothing. They generally endeavour to discover the place whither their daughter is carried, and accommodate matters as well as they can with their obtruded son-in-law; but nothing of this kind ever hinders the ordinary festivities of the nuptials.

"The

"The Votiaks, before they bury their dead, wash the body, and cloath it in complete apparel. As they always carry a knife fastened to their girdle, so they give one to the deceased, taking care however to break off the point. They lay a cake upon his breast, and fix a lighted torch by his side. At the interment, they throw some copecks into the grave, and pronounce these words: *O earth, make thou room for him!* The body is laid in a sort of coffin, with some skillets, hatchets, lasts for making shoes upon, and other useful implements. The name of the grave in their language is *you*, and as soon as it is filled up with earth, they stick some lighted torches upon it; then throwing three eggs boiled hard and cut into little pieces, upon it, they say, *There, keep that for thyself.*—On coming from the burial, the friend walk over a fire made before the house of the deceased, rub their hands in ashes, bathe, and change their cloaths, and then make merry. These ceremonies are always the same to people of every condition, age, or sex.

"On the second day after the interment they celebrate the first commemorative festival called *Pomianka*. At this feast, instituted in honour of the dead, his friends assemble in his house, and partake of cakes and beer; a portion of which they carry out into the yard, and repeat as before, *Take that, it is for thee!* The words are addressed to the deceased, but the dogs take care of the provision. On the seventh day they sacrifice a sheep; and on the fortieth a horned beast or a horse: all the victims are eaten in memory of their departed friend, to whom they send his share. On the Thursday in passion-week they celebrate a general commemorative festival; at which they assemble every one at the tomb of his relation, light up torches, eat cakes and the flesh of some victim, of which each man leaves a portion on the grave of his family.

"It will be easily imagined, that amongst such a people one must find at least as much superstition as among the nations of Europe. Superstition is still very general. Some of the notions of the Votiaks are, that Wednesday and Friday are unlucky for every undertaking; that the sight of a black-bird or a crow across their path, a cuckoo perched upon the top of the house, the meeting of a hedge-hog in motion, are to many presages of death, or at least of a dangerous sickness. He who dares to kill a swallow, a lapwing, a pigeon, or a wagtail, exposes himself to all sorts of misfortunes in his flock. They even build nests for the swallows. They imagine that a bear which has been wounded in the chase knows his enemy, and seeks and pursues him all his life. They take great care not to call a bear by his name, but *Maka*, i. e. the old man. If a tree is struck by lightning, it was to destroy a devil who had taken his abode there. Noon is a dangerous time with them, from the first appearance of roses to the end of August. At every eclipse of the sun or moon they pretend that it is an *oubir*, or metamorphosis, to which these orbs are subject. They attribute the cause of bad harvest to the christian Votiaks, because they make no offering to the gods; one oblation, in their estimation,

mation, being a surer way of dealing with the divinities than all the prayers in the world. Whoever would be sure of crossing the water in safety, whether on foot or otherwise, must first throw a handful of grass into it, and say, *Do not hold me*. They have an astonishing number of similar superstitious opinions, too tedious to relate.

"The Ostiaks bury their dead on the very day of their decease. If it be a man, the procession is composed only of men; if a woman, of women. The deceased is dressed in his best cloaths, and drawn to the *ghalas* or burying place by a rein-deer, who is there killed for the funeral repast: if he was rich, he is followed by three rein-deer, each drawing an empty sledge: he is put into the grave with his head to the north; they give him arms, a hatchet, and other utensils. The three deer are killed on the tomb, and left there, that the deceased may not want food; the sledges are turned bottom upwards, and placed facing one another. People of substance make funeral oblations after the interment.

"*Lous* is the name generally given to their idols, which are of wood cut into some sort of shape, or trees still growing, or misshapen rocks, or stones of a particular and uncommon configuration. The two principal idols of the Ostiaks, to which the Samoyedes likewise addressed their devotions, were placed in the year 1771 on the western side of the gulph of the Ob, in a forest, 70 miles above the Obdorsk, in the neighbourhood of the yourts of the Ostiaks. One of these idols represents the figure of a man, and the other that of a woman. Each of them is in a hut under a tree, and is made of birch-bark; they are both dressed after the manner of the Ostiaks, in cloth and furs, and adorned with a quantity of figures cut in tin, and pieces of iron, which are likewise the ornaments of the *schamans*, or forcerers of this nation, and represent men, quadrupeds, birds, fish, canoes, &c. Pans, porringers, and various other utensils are placed round these idols; and the skins of rein-deers and bows are suspended on the surrounding trees. The men address their worship to that which represents the man, and the women the figure of the woman. In several places are trees which are held sacred amongst these people, wherein every one that passes by must shoot an arrow. In each of their huts is a household idol fixed in the chamber, and resembling a little puppet.

"In circumstances that relate to the family, every father of his sacrifices to the tutelar idol of his house birds, fish, and the skins of small game; but the principal worship they pay them is to smear them all over with blood and fat. In affairs of the greatest importance the *toteba* informs himself of the cause of the wrath of the gods, asking them at the same time what are the sacrifices by which they wish to be appeased; of all which they are made acquainted by means of their magical drum, called *pengre*. Public sacrifices are performed in the forests, and addressed to the idols. The victims and other offerings consist of rein-deer, large game, water-fowl, and furs. The people range themselves in a circle round the

idol,* inclosing the victims and the *toteba*, or sacrificer, who presents the offerings to the gods, and repeats a prayer expressive of the petitions of the nations. After this invocation, he gives a signal with a stick, when one of the congregation pierces the victim with an arrow, and the rest rush in to compleat his death by stabbing him with pointed sticks. Being thus killed, he is dragged by the tail three times round the idol, whose mouth they smear with the blood of the heart. The flesh is dressed, and eaten with all the rejoicing imaginable. Afterwards the skins, the skulls, and the intestines of all the victims are hung upon the boughs of the neighbouring trees.

"The Otiaks believe that bears enjoy after death a happiness at least equal to that which they expect for themselves. Whenever they kill one of these animals they sing songs over him, in which they ask his pardon, and hang up his skin, to which they shew many civilities, and pay many fine compliments, to induce him not to take vengeance on them in the abode of spirits.

"Such among them as enjoy a distinguished reputation they look upon as demi-gods or saints; represent them by little puppets, place them beside their idols, and pay them equal honours; they give them to eat, and smear them over in like manner with grease and blood. Many widows make the same sort of representations of their husbands, to keep alive the remembrance of them, feed them at their meals, and take them to bed with them every night."

We shall conclude our account of these nations by a specimen of Tartarian epitaphs.

"The rich distinguish the graves of their family by erecting a little hut of barks, or by placing stones round them, others put only a post with a short inscription on it; others again place a large stone at the head on which they carve an epitaph, or sometimes they content themselves with writing the resemblance of the signature the deceased was accustomed to use. The splendid times are past in which the stately mausoleum was erected to their dead. The inscriptions, whether in the Tartarian or Arabian tongue, contain the name and quality of the person, the year of his death, and some pious sentence. For example:

This Epitaph
Is placed for
Minka Artsof,
in the
1112th Year.†
Every man is mortal:
God only is eternal.

The Prophet saith,
He that worships God, and abstains from sin,
Hath Mahommed for his nearest kinsman.

* A good representation of this ceremony is engraved in the work before us. REV.

† i. e. of the Hegyra.

"Near the river Diouma, in the neighbourhood of Oufa, is a sepulchral chapel, with a stone and an inscription, of which this is the translation :

Ghas Houfyam Byath,
 Learned in all the Laws,
 And
 A Judge by the Rules of Justice,
 Is dead.
 To thee we make our Prayer,
 Thou only God !
 To have Compassion upon him,
 And
 To grant him thy Favour
 By the
 Remission of his Sins.
 He died
 In the Year 744
 In the 7th Night of the Sacred Month.
 He laboured,
 And
 Would have continued his Labours ;
 But Death came,
 Who frustrates the Designs of Men.
 None of us
 Shall live here eternally.
 Let every one,
 On beholding this tomb,
 Think on
 His last Hour.

We should have been glad to have seen a general map of the several provinces here described ; but suppose it is intended to be given in the succeeding volumes.

Sermons on the most prevalent Vices. To which are added an Ordination Sermon, a Synod Sermon, and Two Sermons on a Future State. By the Rev. David Lamont, Minister of Kirkpatrick-Durham, near Dumfries, 5s. 3d. boards. Crowder.
 [Continued from vol. x. p. 459.]

Of these Sermons we made honourable mention in our last Appendix ; and, upon examining them with a more severe and critical eye than we had then time to do, we find no reason to alter our opinion. The author seems to be particularly conversant with the divines of the last century, who, it is well known, were chiefly remarkable for sound sense and solid arguments,

and a certain pithy and energetic mode of expression, though perhaps somewhat deficient in elegance of language, which had not then attained its present purity and perfection. Mr. Lamont, however, has contrived to extract all their gold, with as little of their dross or alloy as possible. In other words, he has been as successful in uniting brevity with perspicuity as most writers we remember to have read, for these two qualities are not easily reconcileable, since the one naturally tends to destroy the other, as Horace informs us in the following passage,

————— *brevis esse laboro.*
Obscurus fo—————

As a specimen, we shall present our reader with a part of the first Sermon on Revenge

“ RECOMPENCE NO MAN EVIL FOR EVIL, ROMANS xii. 17.

“ There is not a chapter in the Bible more full of sentiment, than this chapter; nor any sentiment more full of sense, than this text. It is a precept wisely calculated to suppress the mad and furious spirit of revenge; a spirit, which reigns with uncontrolled predominance in the breasts of bad men, and by its pernicious effects disturbs the tranquillity of good men.

“ My design in handling this subject is to suggest,

“ 1st. Some thoughts relative to revenge.

“ 2dly. Some arguments against it.

“ 3dly. Some reflections from the discourse upon it.

“ 1st. I am to suggest some thoughts relative to revenge.

“ Revenge is a depraved disposition, or tendency of soul, to hurt or molest, in a private capacity, some person or persons, from whom we have received an injury, either real or supposed. This disposition, it is plain, has not its foundation in our rational part, and therefore must derive its existence from the passions.

“ Now, of the passions, which agitate the human frame, there are two kinds. The one is planted in the soul by God, the other created by ourselves. The one is natural, the other unnatural. The passions which are of God, are good, given us for wise purposes, and, when directed to proper objects, ought to be indulged. The passions, which are not of God, but of our own creation, are bad in themselves, hurtful in their tendency, and ought to be rooted out.

“ This doctrine, however, may perhaps appear in a more clear and striking light, if we give some instances of passions that are natural, and of passions that are unnatural. A desire of enjoying the comforts of life, is a natural passion, therefore good, and ought to be encouraged. That it is natural is obvious—because it is a desire, which all men possess, and that which all men possess must be natural. But covetousness, which is the perversion or degeneracy of this passion, is unnatural

natural, therefore bad, and ought to be checked. That it is unnatural is obvious—because all men are not covetous, and that, to which all men are not addicted, is not natural. To gratify thirst is a natural desire, therefore good, and ought to be indulged. It is natural—because all men are subject to it. But drunkenness, which is the perversion or degeneracy of this passion, is unnatural, therefore bad, and ought to be avoided. That it is unnatural is obvious—because all men are not drunkards. A desire of esteem is a natural passion, therefore good, and ought to be encouraged. That it is natural is evident—because it is a desire common to all. But pride, which is the perversion or degeneracy of this passion, is unnatural, therefore bad, and ought to be destroyed. That pride is unnatural is obvious—because all men are not proud. Emulation, or a desire to excel in what is laudable, is a natural passion, therefore good, and ought to be cherished. It is natural—because all men possess it. But envy, which is the perversion or degeneracy of this passion, is unnatural, therefore bad, and ought to be extirpated. That it is unnatural is obvious—because all men are not envious.

“Hence it follows, that evil is nothing else but the perversion of good, is not therefore created by God, but owes its existence to ourselves. I have mentioned these several instances of passions, and their respective depravities, on purpose to illustrate the point in hand.

“Anger, then, is a passion natural to man; a passion given him for wise and proper purposes, and therefore, when directed to proper objects, ought to be indulged. But revenge, which is the perversion or corruption of this passion, is unnatural, therefore bad, and ought to be repressed. It is observable, that the proper object of anger is vice, but the proper object of revenge is man. This is a sufficient proof, that the passion is perverted—because it transfers the hatred due to the vice, to the man to whom it is not due. For though vice, as such, is the proper object of hatred, yet man (however hateful the conduct of some men may be) can never, as man, be the object of hatred.

“There are instances of depravity which naturally call forth anger, in which instances the suppression of it would be a proof rather of insensibility than of virtue. But there is not any instance of depravity which should call forth revenge, because revenge is always a proof of a depraved mind. To prosecute a malefactor, and to inflict a punishment upon him, proportioned to his villany, is commendable, provided the motive, which prompts us to it, is public spirit, not private resentment. But if private resentment is the cause, the punishment may be just—but the motive is censurable. The truth is, every passion that is natural, as I have said, when directed to proper objects, may be indulged; but revenge is essentially and eternally evil, and should therefore be eternally suppressed. There is in it such an inherent malignity, that no pretence can ever justify it.

adly.

"2dly, I proceed to offer some arguments against revenge; and, of the great number that might be mentioned, I shall confine myself to four.

"1st. It is a proof of a base and low mind.

"2dly. It is repugnant to religion.

"3dly. It produces uneasiness of mind in this world.

"4thly. It lays a sure foundation of greater uneasiness in the next.

"1st. Revenge is a proof of a base and low mind. True greatness of soul is an object of the most laudable ambition, a divine quality, which every man of a just way of thinking would wish to possess. But do not mistake me: there is a mighty difference between a great mind, and what the world calls a great man. Alas! There is many a pitiful wretch adorned with a splendid coat, and many a brave spirit covered with rags. This world is a chequered scene, where the streams of good and evil flow promiscuously. A man is never truly great, till once he is superior to the greatness which he possesses. A man is never truly little, till he thinks himself great. For, believe it, the most contemptible figure, which this earth exhibits, is a weak and worthless mortal, puffed and blown up with swelling ideas of his own significance. Therefore, the advice of Parmenio, the Grecian general, to his son, a young man possessed of a sufficient stock of self-importance, was worthy of him to give, and worthy of every man of sense to adopt—"My son, says he, would you be great? You must be less"—that is, you must be less in your own eyes, if you would be great in the eyes of other men.

"True greatness of mind, my brethren, does not consist in insolence to those above us, nor in contempt to those below us—No—but in a just regard for what is worthy, a just dislike to what is trifling, a just approbation of what is virtuous, and a just detestation of what is vicious. This is a greatness to which every other greatness must own subjection. This is a sterling nobility of soul, and, by its superior brightness, far outshines the artificial glare of vanity and pride. It is not in every man's power, to be the proprietor of a great estate; but it is in every man's power to be something more—to be the proprietor of a great mind; a mind, that will raise him superior to all the glittering titles and fopperies of life. The consequence is this—whatever tends to promote this greatness of soul, ought to be cultivated with unwearied attention; and whatever tends to impair it, ought to be erased from the heart, and blotted out for ever.

"Now, revenge is directly the reverse of this greatness of soul, and is consequently a proof of a soul base and grovelling.* To forgive an injury is the strongest proof of a great mind, because such forgiveness supposes a fortitude and firmness of soul, which no accident can move, a calmness and composure which

*—Revenge, which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.

no storm can ruffle, a generosity of sentiment and conscious worth to which a weak mind is an eternal stranger.

"As the forgiveness of injuries is the strongest proof of a great mind, so it will follow that revenge, which is the reverse of forgiveness, is a proof equally strong of a mind that is base and mean, because revenge supposes the absence of all those sublime qualities which forgiveness implies, and the presence of all those low qualities which forgiveness detests.

"Revenge is a temper of mind low and abject; low as the dust and abject as slavery. Revenge is a temper of mind black and sullen; black as hell, and sullen as its prisoners. Revenge is a temper of mind savage and inhuman: let a man but abandon himself to its furious impulse, and the forest cannot produce so great a monster.

"Revenge, in one word (for it is painful to dwell on so base a subject) is the very temper of hell, and the very spirit of its tyrant. What pity is it then, my friends, that man, who is stamped with the image of his Maker, and formed for generous and elevated sentiments, should ever wear this image of the devil, or harbour a temper so unlike his original!"

(To be continued.)

Political, Miscellaneous, and Philosophical Pieces, arranged under the following Heads, and distinguished by initial Letters in each Leaf; [G. P.] General Politics; [A. B. T.] American Politics before the Troubles; [A. D. T.] American Politics during the Troubles; [P. P.] Provincial or Colony Politics; and [M. P.] Miscellaneous and Philosophical Pieces; written by Benjamin Franklin, L. L. D, and F. R. S. Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, of the Royal Society at Gottingen, and of the Batavian Society in Holland; President of the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia; late Agent in England for several of the American Colonies; and at present chosen in America as Deputy to the General Congress for the State of Pennsylvania; President of the Convention of the said State, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Paris for the United States of America. Now first collected, with explanatory Plates, Notes, and an Index to the whole. 4to, 10s. 6d. Boards, 8vo, 6s. sewed. Johnson,

There is no man, perhaps, in the present age that has raised himself to greater eminence, by the mere force of personal merit, and natural abilities, than Dr. Franklin. From an obscure printer at Boston, he has gradually become a very distinguished character in the philosophical world, member of most of the learned societies in Europe, and ambassador to the court of France from the United States of America. Almost all the pieces contained in this collection have already appeared

appeared in print; and we must own there are none of them that do any discredit to the author, either as a philosopher or a politician. We shall gratify our readers with a few extracts from such of the old pieces as are least known, and from such of the new ones as appear to be the most curious and interesting. The following essay breathes almost the same spirit, and indeed exhibits almost the same facts that occur in the petitions now presenting by the different counties of England.

"Comparison of Great Britain and America, as to Credit, in 1777.*

"In borrowing money, a man's credit depends on some or all of the following particulars.

"First, His known conduct respecting former loans, and his punctuality in discharging them.

"Secondly, His industry.

"Thirdly, His frugality.

"Fourthly, The amount and the certainty of his income, and the freedom of his estate from the incumbrance of prior debts.

"Fifthly, His well-founded prospects of greater future ability, by the improvement of his estate in value, and by aids from others.

"Sixthly, His known prudence in managing his general affairs, and the advantage they will probably receive from the loan which he desires.

"Seventhly, His known probity and honest character, manifested by his voluntary discharge of his debts, which he could not have been legally compelled to pay. The circumstances which give credit to an individual ought to, and will have their weight upon the lenders of money to public bodies or nations. If then we consider and compare Britain and America, in these several particulars, upon the question, "To which is it safest to lend money?" We shall find,

"First, Respecting former loans, that America, which borrowed ten millions during the last war, for the maintenance of her army of 25,000 men, and other charges, had faithfully discharged and paid that debt, and all other debts, in 1772. Whereas Britain, during these ten years of peace and profitable commerce, had made little or no reduction of her debt; but on the contrary, from time to time diminished the hopes of her creditors by a wanton diversion and misapplication of the sinking fund destined for discharging it.

"Secondly, Respecting industry; every man [in America] is employed; the greater part in cultivating their own lands; the rest in handicrafts, navigation, and commerce. An idle man is a rarity; idleness and inutility are disgraceful. In England the number of that character is immense; fashion has spread it far and

* This paper was written, translated, printed and circulated, while Dr. Franklin was at the court of Paris, for the purpose of inducing foreigners to lend money to America, in preference to Great Britain.

wide; hence the embarrassment of private fortunes, and the daily bankruptcies, arising from an universal fondness for appearance and expensive pleasures; and hence, in some degree, the mismanagements of public business; for habits of business, and ability in it, are only acquired by practice; and where universal dissipation and the perpetual pursuit of amusement are the mode, the youth educated in it can rarely afterwards acquire that patient attention and close application to affairs, which are so necessary to a statesman charged with the care of national welfare. Hence their frequent errors in policy; and hence the weariness at public councils, and backwardness in going to them; the constant unwillingness to engage in any measure that requires thought and consideration; and the readiness for postponing every new proposition; which postponing is therefore the only part of business that they come to be expert in, an expertness produced necessarily by so much daily practice. Whereas in *America*, men bred to close employment in their private affairs, attend with ease to those of the public, when engaged in them, and nothing fails through negligence.

“Thirdly, Respecting *frugality*; the manner of living in *America* is more simple and less expensive than that of England: plain tables, plain clothing, and plain furniture in houses, prevail, with few carriages of pleasure; there, an expensive appearance hurts credit, and is avoided: in *England* it is often assumed to gain credit, and continued to ruin. Respecting public affairs, the difference is still greater. In *England*, the salaries of officers and emoluments of office are enormous. The king has a million sterling per annum, and yet cannot maintain his family free from debt; Secretaries of State, Lords of Treasury, Admiralty, &c. have vast appointments: an auditor of the Exchequer has sixpence in the pound, or a fortieth part of all the public money expended by the nation; so that when a war costs forty millions, one million is paid to him: an Inspector of the Mint, in the last new coinage received as his fee 65,000l. sterling per annum: to all which rewards no service these gentlemen can render the public is by any means equivalent. All this is paid by the people; who are oppressed by taxes so occasioned; and thereby rendered less able to contribute to the payment of necessary national debts. In *America*, salaries, where indispensable, are extremely low; but much of the public business is done gratis. The honour of serving the public ably and faithfully is deemed sufficient. *Public spirit* really exists there, and has great effects. In *England* it is universally deemed a non-entity, and whoever pretends to it is laughed at as a fool, or suspected as a knave. The committees of Congress, which form the board of war, the board of treasury, the board of foreign affairs, the naval board, that for accounts, &c. all attend the business of their respective functions, without any salary or emolument whatever, though they spend in it much more of their time than any Lord of Treasury or Admiralty in *England* can spare from his amusements. A British minister lately computed that the whole expence of the Americans, in their *civil* government over three millions of people, amounted to but 70,000l. sterling, and drew

from thence a conclusion that they ought to be taxed, until their expence was equal in proportion to that which it costs Britain to govern eight millions. He had no idea of a contrary conclusion; that if three millions may be well governed for 70,000, eight millions may be as well governed for three times that sum; and that therefore the expence of his own government should be diminished. In that corrupted nation no man is ashamed of being concerned in lucrative *government jobs*, in which the public money is egregiously misapplied and squandered, the treasury pillaged, and more numerous and heavy taxes accumulated; to the great oppression of the people. But the prospect of a greater number of such jobs by a war is an inducement with many to cry out for war upon all occasions, and to oppose every proposition of peace. Hence the constant increase of the national debt, and the absolute improbability of its ever being discharged.

"Fourthly, Respecting the *amount and certainty of income, and solidity of security*, the *whole* Thirteen States of *America* are engaged for the payment of every debt contracted by the Congress; and the debt to be contracted by the present war is the *only* debt they will have to pay; all, or nearly all the former debts of particular colonies being already discharged. Whereas *England* will have to pay not only the enormous debt this war must occasion, but all their vast preceding debt, or the interest of it; and while *America* is enriching itself by prizes made upon the British commerce, more than it ever did by any commerce of its own, under the restraints of a British monopoly, *Britain* is growing poorer by the loss of that monopoly, and the diminution of its resources; and of course less able to discharge the present indiscreet increase of its expences.

"Fifthly, Respecting prospects of future ability, *Britain* has none such. Her islands are circumscribed by the ocean; and excepting a few parks or forests, she has no new lands to cultivate, and cannot therefore extend her improvements. Her numbers too, instead of increasing from increased subsistence, are continually diminishing from growing luxury, and the increasing difficulties of maintaining families, which of course discourages early marriages. Thus she will have fewer people to assist in paying her debts, and that diminished number will be poorer. *America*, on the contrary, has, besides her lands already cultivated, a vast territory yet to be cultivated; which being cultivated, continually increase in value with the increase of people; and the people, who double themselves by a *natural propagation* every twenty-five years, will double yet faster, by the accession of *strangers*, as long as lands are to be had for new families; so that every twenty years there will be a double number of inhabitants obliged to discharge the public debts; and those inhabitants being more opulent, may pay their shares with greater ease.

"Sixthly, Respecting *prudence* in general affairs, and the advantages to be expected from the loan desired; the *Americans* are cultivators of land; those engaged in fishery and commerce are few, compared with the others. They have ever conducted their several governments

governments with wisdom, avoiding wars, and vain expensive projects, delighting only in their peaceable occupations, which must, considering the extent of their uncultivated territory, find them employment still for ages. Whereas *England*, ever unquiet, ambitious, avaricious, imprudent and quarrelsome, is half of the time engaged in a war; always at an expence infinitely greater than the advantage to be obtained by it, *if successful*. Thus they made war against Spain in 1739, for a claim of about 95,000l. (scarce a groat for each individual of the nation) and spent forty millions sterling in the war, and the lives of fifty-thousand men; and finally made peace without obtaining satisfaction for the sum claimed. Indeed, there is scarce a nation in Europe, against which she has not made war on some frivolous pretext or other; and thereby imprudently accumulated a debt that has brought her on the verge of bankruptcy. But the most indiscreet of all her wars, is the present against America, with which she might for ages have preserved her profitable connection, only by a just and equitable conduct. She is now acting like a mad shopkeeper, who by beating those that pass his doors, attempts to make them come in, and be his customers. America cannot submit to such treatment, without being first ruined; and being ruined, her custom will be worth nothing. America, on the other hand, aims only to establish her liberty, and that freedom of commerce which will be advantageous to all Europe; and by abolishing that monopoly which she laboured under, she will profit infinitely more than enough, to repay any debt which she contracts to accomplish it.

“Seventhly, respecting *character in the honest payment of debts*; the punctuality with which *America* has discharged her public debts was shewn under the first head.—And the general good disposition of the people to such punctuality, has been manifested in their faithful payment of *private* debts to England, since the commencement of this war.—There were not wanting some politicians [in America], who proposed *stopping that payment*, until peace should be restored; alledging that in the usual course of commerce, and of the credit given, there was always a debt existing equal to the trade of eighteen months: that the trade amounting to five millions sterling per annum, the debt must be seven millions and a half; that the sum paid to the British ministers, would operate to prevent that distress, intended to be brought upon Britain, by our stoppage of commerce with her: for the merchants receiving this money, and no orders with farther supplies, would either lay it out in the public funds, or in employing manufacturers to accumulate goods for a future hungry market in America, upon an expected accommodation; by which means the funds would be kept up, and the manufacturers prevented from murmuring. But *against this it was alledged*, that injuries from ministers should not be revenged on merchants; that the credit was in consequence of private contracts, made in confidence of good faith; that these ought to be held sacred, and faithfully complied with; for whatever public utility might

might be supposed to arise from a breach of private faith, it was unjust, and would in the end be found unwise; honesty being in truth, the best policy. On this principle the proposition was universally rejected; and though the English prosecuted the war, with unexampled barbarity, burning our defenceless towns in the midst of winter, and arming savages against us, the debt was punctually paid; and the merchants of London have testified to all the world, that from their experience in dealing with us, they had before the war, no apprehension of our unfairness; and that since the war they have been convinced, that their good opinion of us was well founded. *England*, on the contrary, an old, corrupt, extravagant, and profligate nation, sees herself deep in debt, which she is in no condition to pay; and yet is madly and dishonestly, running deeper, without any possibility of discharging her debt, but by a public bankruptcy.

"It appears, therefore, from a general industry, frugality, ability, prudence, and virtue of America, that she is a much safer debtor than Britain:—to say nothing of the satisfaction generous minds must have in reflecting, that by loans to America, they are opposing tyranny, and aiding the cause of liberty, which is the cause of all mankind."

[*To be continued.*]

A View of the present State of Ireland, containing Observations upon the following subjects, viz. its Dependence, Linen Trade, Provision Trade, Woollen Manufactory, Coals, Fishery, Agriculture. Of Emigration. Import Trade of the City of Dublin. Effect of the present Mode of raising the Revenue. On the Health and Happiness of the People. The Revenue. A National Bank: And an Absentee Tax. Intended for the Consideration of Parliament, on the approaching Enlargement of the Trade of that Kingdom. To which is added, a Sketch of some of the principal Political Characters in the Irish House of Commons. 8vo. 1s. 6d. R. Faulder.

Agreeable to our promise we shall give some extract from this very ingenious and intelligent performance. The subjects which are treated of in this work are all so extremely interesting, that we find it difficult to make any particular selection; however, as the woollen trade has been lately laid open to the inhabitants of Ireland, the remarks which the author has made upon this important manufactory will, we conceive, merit more immediate notice.

VOL. XI.

P

"In

"Of the Woollen Trade,

" In considering the trade of Ireland, from the situation of the country, the disposition of the inhabitants, and the affluence of the material, this would promise to rank in the first line of pre-eminence, as an article of exportation. A malignant peevish jealousy possessed the minds of the English, when they beheld the first dawnings of this rising manufacture. Immediately after the revolution, they addressed a monarch to destroy a flower in its bud, whose recent establishment would not permit him to refuse a requisition so fraught with impolicy, and so replete with ruin to an unfortunate country.

" Thus perished the woollen trade of Ireland. Since that melancholy period, it has scarcely merited the name of existence. Some efforts have been made indeed to cherish its miserable remains, in the vain expectation of supplying the consumption of the kingdom.

" There is a peculiar genius in some countries, united with local circumstances, which, altho' it may be combated by difficulties, will never be overcome. Analogous to the human mind, if Nature has implanted a strong disposition to the attainment of any honourable object, it may be depressed by misfortune, or it may be impeded by unkindness; but by a just and steady perseverance it will, at length, surmount every obstacle.

" The climate of Ireland is humid; and, altho' not subject to that rigorous air to which many northern countries are exposed, yet its winter is sometimes severe, and always extended. Nature, liberal in supplying the various necessities of mankind, has covered the plains of this fine pasturage country with a profusion of the fleecy tribe. The inhabitants have not been inattentive to this gracious munificence. The austerity of the clime first instructed them to cloath themselves, the redundancy of the material furnished the means, and suggested the disposition of making it the subject of an extensive and beneficial commerce.

" But these bounties have been poured out in vain! The temper of its industry has fruitlessly languished after the object of its wishes---Round down by the fetters of an illiberal monopoly, this unhappy country has long been the object of the pity and contempt of surrounding nations. It has been pitied as the victim of English avarice and injustice---it has been contemned for a patience which no ignomy could arouse to resentment.

" The conduct of England has been equally impolitic and cruel. It has been impolitic from two causes: first, because the depression of the commerce of Ireland is injurious to Britain; * and next, because the restrictions on this article in particular, have recoiled increased evil on its envious framers.

* England and Britain are put one for another in this pamphlet, and used as synonymous terms.

" The

"The first reason I have assigned for considering the conduct of England impolitic, I have endeavoured to prove under the head of the commerce of Ireland. That which remains, being the principal object of this essay, I shall now attempt to illustrate.

"The most judicious English writers on trade * have been of opinion, that opening the wollen trade of Ireland, would be of advantage to this kingdom. This they prove from the following obvious argument. France is the great rival of England in the woollen trade. She cannot carry on this important branch of her traffic without the assistance of Irish wool. The Irish are compelled to dispose of their wool to France, because the prohibition of England denies them the liberty of its manufacture; therefore the conclusion is inevitable, that whenever the Irish are enabled to resume the right of Nature, they will manufacture all their wool, and the French will consequently be no longer able to procure it; this formidable competitor will have her industry relaxed, and England will at length discover, that Irish prosperity will rather irradiate than darken the glory and happiness of the empire.

"The confined limits of this temporary work will not permit me to prove in detail the various propositions of this argument, I shall content myself with a few cursory remarks, which, I hope, will tend to elucidate this subject.

"When the plague raged at Marseilles, the demand for English woollen cloth, to supply the Turkey, German, Portugal and Spanish trades was incredible, and afforded the most convincing proofs of the large proportion of the consumption of these markets the French had been accustomed to share.

"The wool of France is short and coarse, being, in the language of the manufacturers, neither fine in the thread nor long in the staple. This obliges them to have recourse to the wool of Ireland, which possesses both these qualities. Aided by a pack of Irish wool, the French are enabled to manufacture two.

"The arm of vindictive penalty has been stretched out, and the coasts of Ireland have been guarded by English cruisers without effect, to restrain the exportation of Irish wool. There is a spirit in some articles of commerce which disdains its shackles. The hand of illiberal power may erect its envious but unavailing mounds, the tide of traffic will still burst over its feeble and impotent barriers;

"Thus the wool of Ireland, in despite of these artificial entrenchments, finds its way to enrich our foes. England cannot manacle the trade of other countries; but if she cannot be unjust to all, she will be unjust where it is in her power. In exercising the sword of restraint against a friend, she opens an avenue to the market for a natural enemy.

It is by a cultivation of the woollen manufacture, and causing a market to be opened at home, that the French would be deprived of this important supply. It is the interest and natural rights of the

* Sir Josiah Child, Sir M Decker, Postlethwaite, &c.

people which set these laws at defiance ; abate the measure of that interest, and the laws will be observed.

“ If England was the only country engaged in the woollen manufacture, policy might possibly direct the hand of restraint, whenever it could be exercised, in order to encircle this art from the knowledge of the world. It might then have been preserved, with a monkish piety, as the only fountain to which the various nations who are the objects of its demand might resort for supply.

“ But the sting of calamity must excite a more exquisite sensibility when the injuries endured by an unfortunate people afford no real advantage to those professing friends by whom they are inflicted.

“ Would not France, at the various foreign markets, feel the effect of the Irish woollen manufacture as severely as England ? Would she not be more materially injured, as her cheapness frequently compensates for the want of stability in her woollen productions ? Would it not heighten her distress, if together with this effect, she no longer could procure Irish wool to qualify her staple ?

“ If there was a province in France where the woollen trade could be conducted with extraordinary advantage, which would, in its effects curtail, if not annihilate the woollen trade of England ; what opinion should we entertain of the policy of that country, if to gratify another province a few miles nearer the capital, it should be restrained by royal edicts from applying itself to industry, and peculiarly prohibited from engaging in a manufacture for which by nature it was eminently qualified. Suppose this unhappy province remarkably populous, loyal, but perishing under the weight of the fetters which had been imposed on its industry, could we refrain from exclaiming at the partiality, the impolicy, the barbarity and ignorance of their government. Would not England triumph at a conduct which seemed calculated for her particular interest ? While she rejoiced at the imbecility and weakness of such a government, if she was not abandoned to every feeling of humanity, would not even the tear of pity darken her eye, at beholding a brave but oppressed people sacrificed at the shrine of provincial inhumanity ?

“ Let us reverse this picture, and see if the mirror does not reflect our own image. It is sufficient—it ought—it must awaken the good sense of this country.

“ When the ports of Ireland are opened for the exportation of her woollen manufacture, the next consideration is to revive the national spirit of industry in this branch, and give vigour and permanency to the manufacture.

“ For this purpose two things appear to me of much importance in producing this effect : first, that a board in imitation of the trustees of the linen manufacture should be established, by authority of parliament, with an ample revenue to be appropriated in premiums, for the encouragement of the manufacture in all its branches : next, that the seat of the woollen manufacture should be removed from the capital. It is a solecism in policy to carry on
such

such a manufacture in the metropolis. Dublin may be the market for its sale, but it should be the last place in Ireland for its production. The woollen manufacture of this country is established in York, the cheapest county in England. What would be the state of the linen manufacture, if it was dependant on the efforts of Dublin manufacturers? Have we not seen the feeble remains of it that once subsisted in that city linger for a long time, and at last expire?

"This observation is so obvious, that to pursue it farther is almost superfluous. But I shall make a few other remarks. The manufacturers either have employment or have not. If the woollen manufacture has at any time felt a demand, these artificers become insolent, idle, and insist on higher wages: they work two or three days instead of five or six. They engage in illegal combinations, and grown frenzied by intoxication, make the city tremble for its safety.

"If they want employment, what a melancholy scene is presented to our eyes! twenty thousand unhappy wretches, without money or credit, perishing from want. The streets and roads are covered with the feeble remains of sometimes decent, but miserable men, soliciting charity.

"The linen manufacture is exposed to all the variety and fluctuation of demand, attendant upon commerce, but the direful effects we have described are not experienced in their full extent. The poor may receive less for their labour, or their web of cloth may return unfold from the market, but they have still an alternative from absolute want in the produce of their little farm, or the supply of their garden.

"If the manufacture was established in some cheap fertile country, the artisans would be detached from each other, they could no longer engage in those destructive combinations which make the means of supply casual and uncertain, and which dry up the fountain of national industry.

"Vegetables and many other articles, which the poor subsist on, are dearer in Dublin than in London; the advantage derived from the cultivation of their own vegetables, together with a removal from the pernicious use of spirits, would render the manufacturers healthy and happy, instead of disgracing Ireland by a display of wretchedness and inebriety, which is scarcely to be equalled in all Europe; the manufacture itself would reach a point of perfection and cheapness, which would recommend it at home without patriotism, and abroad without interest.

"The consumption of Ireland alone would employ about one hundred thousand persons.* This observation alone is sufficient to shew

* Suppose Ireland to contain two millions of people and an equal number of each sex.

shew that Dublin cannot be the seat of the manufacture in a state of improvement; and therefore, as the first step towards it, let the manufacturer be invited into the country by national bounty

"The Irish woollen warehouse in Dublin, which has been happily converted from a retail shop into a wholesale market, will then require to have its bounds enlarged. The inhabitants of Dublin may not be altogether so numerous, but those who remain in it will be more prosperous and happy."

Some Observations on the Origin, Progress and Method of treating the atavitious Temperament and Gout, by William Grant, M. D. Cadell. 1s. 6d.

These Observations consist of 105 pages, and seem to contain the sum and substance of Dr. Grant's knowledge in the cure of the gout. And what is the result? Air, and exercise, and regimen, are the only panacea. The Doctor has, with great sagacity, discovered that what is the most efficacious nostrum in all disorders, must be so in the gout. Gouty people must remove to the bleak air of mountains, live upon goat-whey, and wade up to the knees in chilly streams and lakes for fish *all day long*; if they drink Burgundy, they must christen it with five waters, if claret, with six, and so on in proportion for stronger wines; their children must eat meat but once a-day, and that only twice a week; they must wear

One half males, at an average, 15 shillings per year	- £750,000
The other do. 4 shillings do.	200,000

Consumption of Ireland	950,000
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If we should also suppose that each person employed in the woollen manufacture earns 10l. per year, the number of persons necessary to supply the consumption alone would amount to ninety-five thousand.

The whole produce of wool at present in Ireland may be estimated at 500,000 stones. It is now at nine shillings per stone, let us call it ten shillings; its value would then be two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A piece of woollen cloth, properly finished, is generally valued at five times the cost of its material, from the accession of labour. This would produce, supposing all the wool of Ireland to be manufactured, no more than one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The surplus manufacture which remained for exportation would therefore be no more than three hundred thousand pounds, which even on this ground proves that England has little to apprehend from the Irish at foreign markets.

no shoes or stockings till the age of four; and the boys till they are twelve, must be debarred from the use of breeches. Thus does the Doctor proceed to recommend to the cultivated inhabitants of the plain the hardy life of mountaineers, and to transport the city of London to the bleak hills of Lochabar. For what else is this method of cure but a general emigration, and a voluntary preference of poverty to riches?

The Doctor knows very well that his patients will not follow his prescriptions, else he would not perhaps be so liberal of his advice; he knows that their object is to be cured, and yet to enjoy their riches. To what purpose is it then to prescribe what is known to be impracticable? Of a hundred that have the gout, hardly one can repair to the mountains of Switzerland or Scotland; and it is ten to one, if that one will chuse to make such a sacrifice of old habits, old friends, and old connections.

Dr. Grant, in these Observations, informs us with great prudence, that he has not leisure to attend to elegance of language. He should have added that, to save himself trouble, he had not scrupled to introduce barbarous phrases and idioms in every one of the languages of which he has made use. An example of each will be sufficient for every classical reader. He says that a *person agrees with food* and not that food agrees with a person; that the Greeks anciently called the atrabilarious temperament *temperamentum melancholicum*, though *temperamentum* be hardly a Latin, much less a Greek expression; that there is a *febris humorrhalis*, and a *poultaceous stool*. Mark the adjectives *humorrhalis* and *poultaceous*, and you will see from their spelling and termination, that the good Doctor took *humor* to be Greek, and *poultice* Latin. Indeed *humorrhalis* is a kind of monster like the fabulous chimæra, which is Latin in the head, Greek in the waist, and Latin again at the tail. Are not these improprieties presumptuous that our author, though a well-meaning man, is defective in precision and sagacity?

The Sea-Fight; an Elegiac Poem, from Henry to Laura. Founded on an original Correspondence between the Parties, in the Year 1759. Written at Sea. By Charles Shillito. 4to. 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

A pathetic

A pathetic epistle from a lover to his mistress, founded on this love-distressing circumstance; to say what, would too much anticipate the curiosity of those nymphs and swains who may have hearts so tenderly disposed as to sympathize with Henry and Laura. We will, however, give the following extract to shew what mighty lines all-powerful love can dictate.

“ With transport I beheld the welcome prize ;
How oft I read the love-fraught hist’ry o’er !
How soon, equipp’d within my new disguise,
I fled a peasant towards the heav’nly bower !

With haste I fled !—Ah ! mark the cruel tale
That gives thy unavailing sorrows birth ;
A savage troop beset me in the vale,
And causeless fell’d me to the bounding earth !

On that green turf where last we careless play’d,
Beneath the covert of our fav’rite oak,
Ev’n there, sweet maid ! thy wounded lover laid,
A new-fall’n victim from th’ oppressive stroke !

The little stream that gently murmur’d by,
O’er which my Laura oft’ had smiling stood,
Shew’d each close object in a Tyrian dye,
And prov’d a channel for her Henry’s blood !

The crimson plant that once so sweetly spread
It’s blushing beauties o’er the rivulet’s side,
Ah, wretched omen ! hung its tender head,
The dewy tear of ev’ning dropt---and dy’d !

I call’d on all the pow’rs of heav’n in vain ;
In vain the murderers’ pity I implor’d ;
Then talk’d of justice, in no vulgar strain,
And swore the peasant’s garb conceal’d a lord.

I quickly ran my am’rous hist’ry o’er,
Describ’d my journey to the neighb’ring grove,
That cruel guardians urg’d their hated pow’r,
Which made me fly disguis’d to meet my love.

No tear of pity grac’d the ruffians’ eye ;
Alas ! my labour’d narrative was vain ;
Lo ! as a wretch for murder doom’d to die,
They seiz’d and dragg’d me cross th’ adjoining plain.”

The Valetudinarian's Bath Guide; or, the Means of Obtaining long Life and Health. Dedicated to the Earl of Shelburne. By Philip Thicknesse. 8vo. 3s. Doddsley.

Mr. THICKNESSE, well known to the public by many well written and well received performances, claims, from a long acquaintance with Bath, and his observation on the use and abuse of the Bath waters, that kind of physical knowledge, which, according to the old adage, every man turned of forty has a right to claim. This little Tract is divided into chapters, wherein he speaks of the wonderful efficacy, as well as the dangers of an improper use of the Bath waters.—The several chapters are of Physicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, Long Life, Health, &c. &c. and speaking sometimes *morally*, sometimes *medicinally*, he has interspersed each chapter with many curious, pointed, and entertaining extracts from other writers: upon the whole it is a book very proper for the valetudinarian, who hopes to benefit himself from a use of the Bath waters.

His defence of Dr. Lucas appears to be liberally intended.—By way of specimen we select the Preface and Chapter IV. which are written in a spirited manner, and will, we doubt not, afford amusement to our readers.

“The weakness of patients—the sweetness of life—and the nature of hope—make men depend upon physicians, says that first, and greatest philosopher the world ever produced, Lord Bacon; and the immortal Boyle, in his short memoirs for the natural history of mineral waters, highly censures the physicians of his time, for their ignorance with respect to such waters. ‘I expect it will be wondered at (says he) that so many enquirers should be proposed, and so many things directed to be taken notice of about a subject, that has been thought so barren that men are wont to think their curiosity great enough, if they enquire what colours the mineral waters will strike with galls, or oaken leaves, and so observe what kind, and quantity of salt will remain, after the evaporation of the liquor, and I much fear, that some, even of the profession of physic, will think I cut them out a deal too much work, by so many troubleisome queries and trials.’ And afterwards he says, ‘I have made the less scruple to be ample in the enquiries I propound, because divers operations have persuaded me, that physicians ought to consider very well, both the nature of the waters they ordain, and to what persons, for what disorders, and in what manner, they prescribe the use of them, for though many look upon them, as such innocent medicines, as, if they do no good, can at least do no harm, yet, the effects, that have too often ensued, the unskillful use of them, especially when

it was too long continued, allow me not to look upon the drinking of mineral waters, as a slight thing, that may be safely played with, but as that whereby we have seen, as very much good, so a great deal of mischief done; especially, some time after the operation is thought to be quite over, and perhaps almost quite forgotten.'

"The remarks of such a great man must be very applicable to the mineral waters of Bath; as I am confident no physician living will venture to assert, that in spite of all their healing virtues, they have not (when injudiciously used) been productive of grievous and fatal consequences; how necessary then is it, that before mineral waters are prescribed, that the prescribers should be thoroughly satisfied what the nature of the water is, which his patient is to swallow? Yet, strange to say, nay perhaps dangerous to say it, we are at this day uncertain, whether the waters of Bath are, or are not, sulphureous! Dr. Guidott asserts they contain, among other things, sulphur, a fixt alkali, and nitre; and despises Dr. Mayow, for thinking otherwise. Dr. Oliver countenanced the opinion of Guidott, and it has been, and is still, as far as I know, the prevailing opinion; and yet Dr. Lucas did, about twenty years since, analyze these waters in the presence of the late Lord Chesterfield, and other ingenious men, and proved to their unanimous satisfaction, that the Bath waters contain no greater share of sulphur, than any common water, but that a subtil acid, and a small quantity of iron, constitutes their healing powers, that the former flies off in the open air, and the latter settles, as the heat diminishes. The same ingenious gentleman analyzed the waters of *Aix la-Chapelle*, and asserts also, that those waters are deeply impregnated with sulphur.

"Is it not therefore incumbent on the Physicians of Bath to have this matter cleared up, and to prove that either Dr. Lucas's analysis is defective, or, that Dr. Guidott's is true; for unless they are clearly satisfied on which side the truth lies, they cannot prescribe the use of them to any of their patients with perfect safety, and in some cases, not without imminent danger. Dr. Lucas was esteemed a good physician, and an able chymist, as well as an honest man; he was no ways interested in the qualities of the Bath waters, more than those of *Aix-la-Chapelle*, but he was deeply interested in the cause of truth, and the support of liberty.

"What I could therefore wish is, that such patients who have received benefit, and such who hope to receive it from these waters, would promote a subscription, to make it worth the while of some reputable chymist, to come down to Bath and to analyze the waters in the presence of the faculty, and the subscribers, and thereby put the matter beyond a doubt. This would be a laudable and universal charity; a charity which would extend to future generations.

"When it is certainly known of what nature the Bath waters really are, or rather what their impregnations are, there can be
little

little doubt, but that an artificial water might be prepared, so as to render nearly, all the benefits, both inwardly, as well as externally, to patients whose great distance, or bodily infirmities might prevent their coming to the fountain head.*

" Mr. De Magellan, has contrived a glass apparatus for making waters like those of Pyrmont, by means of which any water may be saturated with fixed air, and that too, by a process which does not require a quarter of an hour to perform. The same ingenious gentleman has also invented some *Eudiometers*, or instruments, to ascertain with the greatest accuracy, the salubrity of the air. Is it not strange, therefore, in a kingdom like this, that a doubt should remain, what the real nature of the Bath waters are? we acknowledge, and so do thousands of grateful patients with gratitude acknowledge, that God has given them to us for great and good purposes, but we have reason to lament, that man has not more certainly ascertained, to what particular maladies they are most salutary, by knowing to what minerals they owe, not only their heat, but that subtil spirit, which so soon flies off, and leaves the water as void of medicinal powers, as the commonest well water. If Dr. Lucas's analysis of them is erroneous, why does not some more able physician, upon the spot overturn it, if it is just, why not have the candour to acknowledge it? Dr. Davies, a gentleman who practised physic at Bath, with as great reputation as any man, either before or since his time, acknowledged his steadfast belief in Dr. Lucas's experiments, and Mr. Haviland, senior, an apothecary, allowed to be the best chymist in Bath, was equally satisfied of this important truth. Why then should Dr. Lucas have been persecuted when here, and his assertions still contemned, till it is proved, that he was an ignorant impostor? His assertions by no means lessen the merit, or efficacy of the Bath waters; on the contrary, he acknowledges their powers as fully as any physician on the spot, but Dr. Lucas is not to be believed, because it was HE, not a physician on the spot, who detected the fraud, of tinging guineas, who proved that what was called the sulphur scum, was really vegetable mofs, and that instead of a sulphureous quality, the waters have an acid volatile spirit, a spirit perhaps incompatible with sulphur, and a small proportion of iron. Under this dilemma will any physician be hardy enough to say to his patient, 'no matter, whether they are of sulphur, or of acid, they are equally proper for you: drink them, and bathe in them?' Surely not. Were I a patient, it would be my first ques-

* Lord Bacon thinks it strange that natural baths are not imitated with success, 'seeing they are confessed to receive their virtues from minerals, and not only so, but discerned and distinguished from what particular mineral they receive tincture, as sulphur, vitriol, steel, or the like, which nature if it be reduced to composition of art, the powers of them may be encreased, and the temper of them will be more commended.'

tion to the physician I consulted, what is the nature and quality of the waters I am to use? And if he could not, nor would inform me, I should not trust him with the nature of my complaint; yet it is very natural to conclude, that Drs. Moyses, and De la Cour, men of acknowledged accuteness in physic, from their long residence, long life, and constant observations on the effects of bathing and drinking the waters, must be able to judge, in what cases they may venture to use them, and when to withhold them, but if they do not know the *real nature* of the waters, it is a mechanical, not a *physical* use they make of them. I will not deny that the physicians of Bath, from Dr. De la Cour,* down to Graham, and Gussard, do not know, that the waters have some very excellent qualities, while they are hot, and none when they are cold, except to quench the drought of the thirsty; but till they refute Dr. Lucas's opinion, or prove that of Dr. Guidott's, their patients may as safely use them, upon their own judgment, as upon any other man's, unless they can prove, that a sulphureous bath, which opens the pores, or an acid one, which often closes them, is one and the same thing. This I can aver, that I went into the King's bath, in hopes of opening the pores, and in expectation of the natural consequences of a hot bath; but the reverse was the effect, the pores were thereby totally stop'd, and for some days, I thought it would have drove me mad; therefore, till Dr. Lucas's opinion is overturned, I will retain mine, leaving my readers to retain theirs also, but they must remember, that their physicians always consider *accidentia anima*, a principal part of their prescription; and now, from what has been said, and what follows, I shall remind the reader of what Demosthenes said to the Athenians. 'Please to take notice, said he, that my council unto you is not such, whereby I shall grow great among you, but it is of that nature, which is not so good for me to give, as it is for you to follow.'

CHAP. IV. OF BATHING.

"Bathing, if we may believe what the late ingenious Dr. Oliver has said on that subject, and I never heard it contradicted *in prose*, is the most general solvent, and probable means by which obstructions of all kinds may be removed, as well as the most general solvent, of all the humours of the human body, whether natural or morbid; and he thinks bathing is highly beneficial in all gouty or rheumatic cases. But previous evacuations, he says, are absolutely necessary to unload the habit†, and

* If charity, humanity, and universal benevolence, are necessary qualifications in a physician, (and I should think they are) I have very good reason to say, there does not live a CHRISTIAN MAN in this city, who has prescribed more liberally, nor more frequently, towards gladdening the heart of the wretched, than Dr. De la Cour.

† Vomits are particularly of service when they can be safely taken. cleanse

cleanse the first passages, but let me observe that bathing early in the morning and taking the full force of the heat, is often attended with consequences the **very** reverse of what the waters would produce by a more moderate degree of heat. That *warmth* which opens the pores and promotes perspiration, relieves the patient, but the heat when it is too great, closes them, and often totally obstructs the insensible perspiration, and therefore the degree of heat should be particularly attended to, and it is much better to begin with a moderate bath, and increase it by degrees, than to dry and parch up the skin by using it in its full force. Mr. Nash, however, who lived to a great age, always used partial bathing for the gout; and the minute he found one foot attacked with it, he sat with both in buckets of hot Bath water, and by that means put off the violence of the pain, and often the disorder itself.

Dr. Oliver was of opinion that the months of April, May, June, August, September and October, were most proper, either for drinking the waters or bathing. But experience has shown, that there is no part of the year, not even the hottest, wherein the waters may not be used both ways with success; and it is scarcely reconcileable to reason, that the extreme cold weather should be so safe, especially to bathers, as the more temperate. Confident, therefore, of the benefit Mr. Nash received when he was attacked with the gout, were I subject to it, I would never omit sitting a quarter of an hour before I went to bed, with each leg in a bucket of warm, not hot Bath water, there cannot be any danger in so doing, and there is every reason to believe great benefit would arise from such a practice, and that even common water heated by fire would have nearly the same good effect. The baths newly constructed near the Cross-Bath, have every convenience a bather can wish, and reservoirs of cold Bath water are provided to regulate the heat to the desire of the patient. About an hundred and thirty years ago, this city, which is now **UNIQUE**, and may justly *vie* with any city in Europe, was the most filthy and offensive town in England. The baths were then crowded, day and night, with bathers of both sexes quite naxed,* and they were frequently insulted while in the water, not only with dead dogs, cats, pigs, &c. but with human carcases, as well as all sorts of filth and nastiness. The roads were so bad, it was scarce possible to get to the city in winter. Every house was covered with thatch, and at every door hung a manger to feed the horses, asses, &c. which brought coal and provisions into the town: and instead of that decorum which now generally prevails, nothing but obscenity, ribaldry, and licentiousness was practised. About the year 1640, the body corporate put a stop to these enormities, by some whole-

* I have seen an accurate drawing of the King's-Bath, made about an hundred and fifty years ago, which confirms the truth of this mode of indecent bathing, and I have also seen about five and thirty years ago, an hundred naked colliers in the King's-Bath, rioting there at mid-day, and for many hours after.

some regulations and laws; soon after which, people of condition came to Bath, not only for their health, but for their amusement: there is indeed a *singular amusement* in bathing, exclusive of the agreeable warmth of the water, which none but those who have experienced the effect of, can well conceive, and which is only to be perceived, in particular parts of the Bath, spots, well known to the guides, and which they seldom omit leading their bathers into. Thirty years since being in the King's-Bath, and near a goodly looking country woman, she was either led, or accidentally slept over

'Where the bubbling fountain flows.'

which she had no sooner done, than she called out most lustily, so as to alarm me, and every one near her; and upon asking her the cause, she again called out, and in agitation exclaimed *'I have been mother of ten children!'* not understanding what she meant, I desired to change places with her, and *then* I recollected I too had been father of as great a number, those who wish to be further informed, I must refer to an experienced *Prose Guide*, or they may take it from the following poetic *Bath Diver*.

While Phillis is bathing she starts at a bubble,
Yet fears to remove, or discover her trouble.
By the touch on her hips, it rises still higher,
And her eye by its twinkling, discovers the fire.
Her cheeks grow the brighter, encreasing their colour,
As flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh adour." C

A Ride and Walk through Stourhead. A Poem. 4to. 1s. Rivington.

Pope's "Windfor Forest" has engendered many a sorry describer of nature's vegetable graces.—This "*Ride and Walk*" is pleasant enough; but it wants elegance, sweetness, harmony and dignity. It wants, in short, the *soul* of Pope, though it is not altogether without poetical merit. The rich and various views from Alfred's tower are thus delineated.

I climb ambitious (what dares not ambition?)
(Herculean labour) Alfred's sacred tower.
I catch, or seem to catch, his patriot fire.
The igneous particles play round my heart:
It feels their warmth, but finds its efforts vain;
For station, humble station, bids it stoop,
And makes it own that Alfred was a king.
Had he been village-bred, he'd Alfred been;
But station, powerful station, bad him shine.

The

The rose that opens near the humble cot,
 Emits its sweet effluvia, blushes sweet.
 Transplant it into Ilchester's * fair bosom,
 Ten-fold its sweetness, ten-fold is its blush.

The summit gain'd, their point with most is gain'd.
 Not so with me: My views are unconfined.
 Here Asiatic mountains wonder claim.
 Here nature on her larger scale displays
 Her works stupendous. Thou all-wise Creator,
 Whose fiat kind, gracious, omnipotent,
 Bad all things be, and all things were, receive
 My thanks, praise, homage, worship, gratitude.

O'er the gay Severn fraught with Gallic spoils,
 Produce of either India, I survey
 Th' exalted fastnesses and castles famed
 Of Cambria unsubdued, whose mighty chiefs
 Not conquering Cæsar boasted at his ear,
 Nor English monarchs unavenged attack'd.
 Glendower, Cambria's Alfred, leads his hosts
 To bloody fights, and leads them back unbled.
 See Wiltshire's yellow plains o'ercharg'd with grain,
 The lab'rer's food, and farmer's luxury,
 While amber beer provokes the far-fetch'd joke
 At social Christmas, and the luscious draught
 Calls forth his deep-tongued rustic melody.

I move around: Dorset's salubrious downs
 Millions of frisking lambs untainted bear.
 Black swans and rotten sheep may here be found
 In equal numbers. Hills, like sugar-loaves,
 Of various height start forth. Old Ætna, such
 Thy sides appear. Mountains of rock calcined,
 And towers of lava (whilom liquid fire
 And roaring seas) self-built the traveller views
 Amaz'd: these thy prolific dreadful womb
 Brings forth in thunder, while thy fruitful throes
 Afflict thy sympathizing neighbours round.

" Beneath, extended Somerset's fat vales
 Lie open to my view. Here oxen ponderous
 In softest meads lick up the knee-deep grass.
 Sweet-breathing heifers, careful housewife's pride,
 Bring home distended dugs each morn and eve,
 In bellows complaining of their load.
 The milk-maid's hand persuasive strokes the teat,
 The snowy torrent fills the well-scower'd pail.
 See there the spot † where Berkley ‡, name beloved,

Anxious

* The present most worthy Earl's Countess, than whom this or perhaps any other age has seen nothing more lovely and truly amiable.

† Bruton Abbey.

‡ The late Right Hon. John Lord Berkeley of Stratton. This great

Anxious for human welfare, nobly thought.
 Alas, with tears I've since bedew'd his grave!
 His works his monument: surviving friends
 To these trust * prudent rather than to stone.
 If fortune kind e'er visit me, dear shade,
 The Parian marble shall recite thy deeds
 In rude unpolis'd lays affectionate;
 For rude unpolis'd lays are all I have."

C

The Tutor of Truth. By the Author † of the *Pupil of Pleasure*, 2 vols, 5s. sewed, 6s. bound. Richardson and Ure-
 quhart.

THE MORAL of this composition is comprised in the motto, which is taken from one of the conclusive letters; and the IDEA of it is so fully given in the *Preface*, that we shall offer it unabridged, to our readers.

"A work which is in the world, under the title of the *Pupil of Pleasure*, exemplified that part of a late celebrated system, which led immediately to voluptuousness, hypocrisy, and seduction. It was, therefore, a faint mark for literary ridicule. The peculiar success of my undertaking, and the general esteem it still maintains (notwithstanding the wilful, or the ignorant, perversions of a few individuals, who affected to have their scruples concerning the character of *Sedley*) convince me, that I did not write in vain.

"But, methinks, something very essential yet remains to be done. There is a much better, as well as a much more brilliant system still to be illustrated; the system of integrity and truth.

"This is attempted in the present performance, where the reader will see, in contrast to the *Pupil of Pleasure*, a character of a very different colouring figure before him. One, who, though even more accomplished than *Sedley*, with all his fire, spirit and opportunity, as well as every personal advantage, employs each in the cause, not of ruin, but *sincerity*.

great and good man constantly sought for objects of real charity; by him the naked were constantly clothed, and the hungry daily filled. He was the best of neighbours, the best of masters, and a steady sincere friend.

* Ad Rem attentiores. TER.

† In reply to the doubts which were sent us some time since respecting another work of this writer, called 'SHENSTONE GREEN.' ‡ (said in some of the public prints to be clandestinely compiled from materials found among the posthumous papers of the late Mr. Shenstone) we have received full and satisfactory information, that the Editor and Author are one and the same person.

‡ See our Review for October.

"It

"It has been endeavoured also, that the scenes, in which this new personage is engaged, should be so disposed, as to give full scope for all that is just, affecting and ennobled, without departing from human nature. The hero of *this* production, like that of the *other*, hath many struggles, and many anxieties; for virtue (with respect to *ordinary* successes and rewards) is not always fortunate: but between the two heroes there is, throughout their adventures, this distinguishing difference; the one hath the pangs of *remorse* superadded to those of shame and despair; and the sufferings of the other, like the agonies of a Messiah, are always for the truth and for the happiness of others. All that the best men in the world can say to themselves is comprized in this couplet of the poet,

'Tis not in mortals to command success.

But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll *deserve* it."

"There have been those (whether in the spirit of criticism, or of from principle, I cannot tell) who have warned the young and sober against the *warmth of character* in the *pupil of pleasure*: surely, a little thinking might reconcile to *them* (as to the rest of the world) the propriety of painting vice in strong colours, in order to bring it into contempt. That very *Sedley*, who sets out, with all the graces of *Chesterfield* in his train, soon loses his credit with the reader; he fades, towards the conclusion, more and more in every page; and at last, he becomes a desperate, detested man, on whose grave even *Pity* herself can scarce be prevailed on to shed a tear.

"If, however, this objection, in the breast of any one, still subsists against me, it would be a piece of justice not unworthy the true critic, if he would take upon him to recommend the character of *Captain Carlisle* in this work, as officiously as he has discommended that of *Mr. Sedley*, in the other. In real fact, *Sedley* is the *shade* which will set *Carlisle* in the proper *light*; and, although the *stories* through which I have conveyed the moral, are utterly different, yet those, who are candid enough to conceive a book of this kind may be made *systematic*, and who may read the two performances *together*, will, I flatter myself, perceive a connection (with regard to system) not wholly inapposite.

"In fine, *Sedley* is a monster, and *Carlisle* is a man. Let them be accurately compared, and read only with this view, whenever they are in the hands of the young. As *Sedley* is the object of escape and abhorrence; *Carlisle* is that of intimacy and imitation. He is much embarrassed, but he has honour to bear him up: he is purposely plunged in difficulty, that his *truth* might be the more tried; and that, *being* tried, it might, like fine gold from the fire, come forth the purer. He is *Sedley's* opposite in every particular, except the attractions of form (which were given to *Sedley* also only to render *Chesterfieldism* more exact.) *Carlisle* protects the innocence that he might have destroyed; he spares the chastity that he might have violated; he endeavours to preserve the wife, whom he might have ruined: he has all the policy of prudence,

without deviating from *truth*: he is graced with every polishing ornament of character: instead of *corrupting*, he *enriches* society.

"That the hero of the present work might have every ultimate advantage, so as to bring the *moral* which his adventures convey, more forcibly home to the business and bosom of the reader, he appears, at different times, in all the amiable *lights* of which his picture is susceptible. Amongst these, the honour of his friendships, the tenderness of his love, the delicacy of his sufferings, his discretion under embarrassments, and his courage in exigencies, will not escape the attentive reader. It should be noted, also, that the contrast of the present, with the former performance, receives still greater force, by the introduction of other sketches which will be found here; particularly the short scenes that belong to Mr. *Henry Hewson*, and his brother. These characters are interwoven, not so much to enliven, and relieve the deepness of the pathetic in the other parts, as to give greater elucidation to the *system*. With the like view, the characters of the fighting *Medway*, and the fearful, frolicsome Sir *Andrew Flight*, have been admitted, as have those of Mr. *Lafcelles*, the *Marchioness of N****, and *Lucia De Grey*. It is hoped these all promote the moral as much as they contribute to the interests of the fable: for example, *Sedley*, the Pupil of Pleasure, was uniformly vicious, deceitful and reprobate, and therefore died. Captain *Carlisle*, the Tutor of Truth, is invariably just, ingenious, and good, and therefore lives. *Sedley* often felt the stroke of ill success, but consoled himself in the worst of times with the hope of accomplishing his wicked wishes at last. *Carlisle* is sensible of disappointment too, but is kept from paroxysms of despair by a silent appeal to his conscience. *Lafcelles* is at once rakish, false, dissolute, and therefore meets with punishment. The *Marchioness of N****, though pitiable, is also an object of terror to be held up to the female world, since the same imprudence will naturally lead to the same misfortune. The Earl and Countess of *Blessingbourne* are brought into this work, to shew, that, *true politeness* and the *Graces*, are charms independent of mere rank, titles, or estate: the family of the *Hewsons* are here, to prove, that *true politeness* and the *Graces* are not to be bought, as mere marketable commodities, whenever a man happens to have money to spare; and to prove likewise, that neither rustic manner, on the one hand, nor bookish pedantry on the other, will enable men to leave the farm-house and the cloyster to figure, more respectably, in a state of refinement. In full opposition to *all* these, therefore, the hero of this work is produced. He is as truly polite as he is truly generous, and, agreeable to the title given him at setting out—he is *A Tutor of Truth*."

The candour which our author discovers in *correcting* the arduous of his pen, (that were censured in the luxuriant display of *SEDLEY's* letters in the 'Pupil of Pleasure,') entitle him to applause. WE, were not, indeed, amongst those who conceived that his fancy went too far, or painted

too glowingly when he gave form and figure to the fallacious principles and simulating sentiments of the late EARL OF CHESTERFIELD; who, certainly intended to make a SEDLEY of a STANHOPE: at the same time, it gratifies us to perceive the ear of a young writer, in the heyday of his imagination, thus open to every appeal of sober criticism, and rather *listening* to, than *turning from* the voice of instruction and propriety. He thought an antidote necessary to expell the poison of Chesterfield, and here it is—prepared in a very skilful manner. The *System of Truth* is here fully and permanently established upon the ruins of the *System of Simulation*; and though we do not think there is the same degree of impetuous fire, pointed passion, and seductive eloquence in the character of *Carlisle*, which are to be distinguished in that of *Sedley*, yet those who consider the blessings which beam upon society from affections more disciplined, vivacity more chastised, principles more correct, and pursuits more laudable, will not fail to dwell with delight on the contrast; and on reflection wish to imitate the *Tutor of Truth* rather than the *Pupil of Pleasure*. This work is, therefore, not so much to be recommended as a sparkling effusion of genius, kindling as it goes along—for in this respect we prefer the *former* publication—but as an amiable effort of judgment and good sense, exciting the softer and gentle feelings of the mind; and pointing out the paths of honour, truth, and integrity in our dealings both with men and women, instead of those which frequently lead, as in the case of *Sedley*, to brilliant wretchedness, and dazzling ruin. It is in this view we think, with our author, that the work is a *sequel* worthy the history which gave it birth.

The dexterity of this writer in drawing characters, in aptly discriminating them from each other, and in marking their due proportions, has been acknowledged ever since the appearance of that book of characters called 'Liberal Opinions,'—though we think nature more closely copied in 'Shenstone Green'—The same talent is discernable in many parts of 'The Tutor of Truth' especially in the character of Gabriel Hewson the classical pedant, whose manners, however common in life, are, we think, not usually found in books.—Perhaps Medway's character is a little *outré*, unless we allow that of Colonel Bath, in Henry Fielding's *Amelia*, to be naturally drawn; and then this of our author, is too close a copy.—Henry Hewson's *humour* too, is, in some cases, carried *too far*; in others he serves as a very pleasant contrast to brother Gabriel.—Though the Marchioness of

N. puts one too much in mind of the lady who follows Sir Charles Grandison, yet the different circumstances of temper, fortune, and constitution, atone for that (perhaps accidental) similarity; and we have seldom met more affecting claims upon our pity than presented themselves in the course of her correspondence. We wish a little more of that animating fervor of diction which this author has sometimes lavished upon a less amiable character, had been thrown into that of the lovely Lucia de Grey, who, notwithstanding her gentle disposition, loses, now and then, much of the interest which we wish to have for her, when she stands by the side of the ardent and unhappy Marchioness: but, perhaps, the peaceful, or even the impassioned scenes of virtuous life do not admit of that fervor of colouring which is proper to paint the agitated situations of vice and irregularity—all peace without, all harmony within; or else such kind of distress as demands the softening tear, and tender sigh: unattended by those torrents of remorse and bursts of conscience which break from a heart whose affections are wild, enthusiastic, voluptuous or ungovernable. Upon the whole then, *THE TUTOR OF TRUTH* may be read by those into whose hands it might be hazardous to put the *PUPIL OF PLEASURE*.—The *latter*, it is true, strikes on the imagination of the reader like the flash of the lightning, but like that flash may chance—at least such has been the idea—to injure while it astonishes: The *former* is as a generous stream, which, issuing from some unpolluted fountain, flows regularly along, displaying in its progress many an agreeable flower, opening various prospects, and fertilizing as it goes. The one is as a hurricane which exhibits the hemisphere in a sudden blaze of momentary brightness changing as suddenly to proportioned gloom—while the other is as a calm wherein the face of the heavens is more uniformly inviting; where the gale is more temperate, and which if it surprizes less, it satisfies more.

The limits of our Review do not allow us to extend these observations. Nor, indeed is it necessary to run the contrast farther. We have been insensibly led to trace and to examine it with some accuracy, but we must defer any extract from the work itself to a future opportunity. S

Friendship the dernier Resource: a Poem. Addressed to a Gentleman late of Cambridge. By a Young Gentleman of the Middle Temple, 4to. 1s. 6d. Evans,

This is intended, we perceive, as an *ethic* epistle *after* the manner of Mr. Pope.—Alack, and a-well-a-day ! Mr. Pope says

‘ Eye nature’s walk, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.’

Our young gentleman of the *Middle Temple*, says,

“ View nature’s law, unravel nature’s plan,
Regard a while the citadel of man.”

To which, we say,

‘ Laugh where we MUST, be candid where we CAN.’

The author of this Poem has really made some very pretty discoveries.—We always imagined that the bosom of pity was affectionate and warm, but our author has found out that

“ Pity’s cold as frost

Like *fleet* it falls (he says) and soon as *fleet* is *lost*.”

Former poets have been accustomed to call the *moon* *inconstant*, *fickle*, and *changing*, but this innovating bard bestows upon her the epithet of FAITHFUL. Speaking of the contradictory qualities of *women*, ‘ who have long been *privileged* to *cheat*,’ he offers to us one of the daintiest allusions that sounding nonsense ever assumed.

“ So stars join stars, to make each power more fierce,
Flash to confound, and penetrate to pierce.”

There’s for you, reader !—The frantic line of that mad poet, Nathaniel Lee,

Whose gods met gods, and jostled in the dark.
seems sober reason to this.

Treating of *friends*, he thus deplores their scarcity,

“ Such Marcus is, yet Marcus is but one,
And *unit* he, and that’s as good as *none*.”

In what school our author was taught arithmetic we do not know.—This mode of calculation at least appears a little inaccurate, for we do stoutly maintain that a unit is better than a cypher. Ergo, Master Marcus, though but *one* friend is better than *none*.

After having looked into every nook and corner for *Friendship*, where, reader, dost thou think he finds her?—But thou wilt never guess ; and so *we*, upon the authority of our author, will inform thee, that the *lady Friendship*, after being lulled to rest by droning *village* flies, was discovered, “ in a rustic garb,” on “ a bed of STABLE STRAW.” If thou hadst looked after her for twice seven years, we question whether

whether thou wouldest have thought of looking for the fair lady in that *litter*.

The two last lines of the poem merit and meet with our hearty concurrence.

“ When he with men and things is conversant long,

May founder judgment, point a BETTER song.”

Amen to that sweet prayer ! The only hope of seeing which come to pass, however, is gathered from perceiving here and there a pretty thought harmoniously expressed ; as in the following lines for instance,

“ Friendship, more pure than *Cynthia's* virgin light,
Soft as the morn, and quiet as the night,
As autumn calm, and more than woman fair,
Fresh as the spring, and yielding as the air,
As courage bold, and more than grandeur great,
Fixt as the earth, and permanent as fate;
Not aw'd by pow'r, nor yet by interest sway'd,
In candour dress'd, and simplest truth array'd ;
Not prone to stoop, nor humble to commend,
In meanest things she seeks the noblest end.”

C

Poems ; by a Young Nobleman of distinguished Abilities, lately deceased, 4to. 2s. 6d. Kearsley.

These Poems, by a young Nobleman, mark his *imputed* character too strongly to be thought *spurious* ; and yet considered as *genuine* they will never reflect any honour upon his memory. Certain it is they have traces of genius ; and yet they are in *no sense of the word*, GOOD Poems : and indeed, the shocking *indecency* of some, leads us to believe that, instead of being published by a *friend*, they were raked up by some inveterate *enemy*, whose malice survised the existence of its object : at any rate the pretended friend would have performed a more consistent part had he committed the manuscript to the flames. We select, as a specimen of his Lordship's poetical abilities, part of a performance called ‘ The State of England in the year 2199.

“ And now through broken paths and rugged ways,
Uncultivated regions, we advanc'd
To'ards fam'd Augusta's towers, on the Thames
(Whose clear broad stream glides smoothly thro' the vale)
Embank'd, and stretching o'er the level plain,
For many a mile her gilded spires were seen,
While Britain yet was free—alas ! how chang'd,
How fallen from that envy'd height ; what tim

She

She rul'd the subject nations, and beheld
The Spaniard crouch beneath her spear, and all
The Gallic lillies crimson'd o'er with blood.
Extinguish'd are their glories, and her sun
That once enlighten'd Europe with his beams,
Sunk in the West, is set, and ne'er again
Shall o'er Britannia spread his orient rays !
These were my thoughts whilst thro' a falling heap
Of shapeless ruins far and wide diffus'd,
Paul's great cathedral, from her solid base,
High tow'ring to the sky, by heav'n's command
Amidst the univereal waste preserv'd
Struck my astonish'd view ! a fabric huge,
Of nobler structure than e'er Babylon,
Or glorious Rome with her marbled walls
Cou'd boast in days of yore ; before the Goth
With barbarous hand, and uncontrouled sway,
Crush'd furious her magnificence, and swept
Temple, and tow'r, down to the ground. For not
The fam'd Pantheon, or the sculptur'd dome
Of great Semiramis, nor holier Fane
Of once inspir'd Judea, to the eye
Of speculative wonder, did present
A more admir'd, or admirable view !
On this fair object my fix'd eye was kept
In pleasing meditation, whilst my guide,
A poor ematiate Briton, led me on
Through streets, and squares, and falling palaces,
(Where here and there, a habitant was seen)
To where stood once amongst the peopled town
Th' Exchange of London ; where the golden streams
Of vivid commerce from the trading winds
Levant and Ponent, north and south effus'd,
Were in a centre fix'd : where ev'ry day
Ten thousand merchants, learned in the art
Of nursing, and improving wealth, conven'd,
To settle on the wide and stable base
Of liberty, and public good, their own
And happy England's welfare.—Then the pride
Of the commercial world, whose trade spread on
From southern Orelan, to the banks
Of cold Estotiland, from sultry climes
And freezing regions, over distant seas
Brought gather'd wealth, and Asian treasures home !
Now onward we proceed into a field
O'ergrown with rank and noisome weeds, and here
The honest Briton wiping from his eye
The starting tear, in broken sobs of grief,
And mingled indignation thus exclaim'd—
* In this unwholsome fen, by the foul toad,

And

And eyeless newt inhabited, once stood
 The bank and treasury of England, fill'd
 With shining heaps of beaten gold; a sum
 That would have beggar'd all the petty states
 Of Europe to have rais'd, here half the wealth
 Of Mexique and Peru was pour'd, and hence
 Diffus'd in many a copious stream, was spread
 To distant towns, and cities, and enrich'd
 Industrious commerce thro' the polish'd land.
 But now, alas! not e'en a trace remains,
 Not e'en a ruin of the spacious pile,
 Raz'd even with the dust, by the joint hand
 Of the avenging multitude; what time
 The fall of public credit, that had long
 Totter'd upon her airy base, involv'd
 In sudden and promiscuous ruin all
 The great commercial world.—Then fell,
 Struck to the heart by dark corruption's arms,
 The British Lion—then the Flower de Lis
 Wav'd high on London's tower, and then sunk
 Beneath the tyrant's bloody hand, the last
 Remaining spark of liberty.—A dire
 And dreadful revolution! O my poor,
 My ruin'd country! long thou wast the pride
 And dread of nations; far above the rest
 Happy and great, nor would the envious foe
 Subdue thy warlike sons, but 'twas thyself
 That kill'd thyself.—O memory, that wounds
 My agonizing breast!—O grief of heart
 That overturns all patience!—Thus much
 His plaintive voice was heard: the rest was choak'd
 By sighs, and groans, that would have mov'd the heart
 Of savage rage to pity.

Thoughts on the Times, but chiefly on the Profligacy of our Women, and its Causes. Addressed to every Parent, Husband, and modest Woman in the three Kingdoms. In two Parts; shewing First, the Danger of public Incontinence; the Absurdity of our Female Education; the Folly and bad Tendency of a fashionable Life, and the Evils that arise from French Refinement; and Secondly, how seldom Man-midwives are necessary; that their Practice is dangerous—that it is repugnant to Modesty, tends to destroy the Peace of Families, and endanger Virtue, 12mo. 2s. 6d. Bew.

Had our author given himself time to have thought at all, this publication would never have made its appearance. **

FOREIGN

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

THE arts and sciences are the great links of society. They level all distinction which a mean prejudice has established between men and country. Every learned man is a true cosmopolite, and if actuated by the purest spirit of civism, it is not to despise or depreciate the merit of any discovery ; but to endeavour to make it peculiar to his own country, by concurring with foreigners in adding to the store of human knowledge. This opinion, which we hope will meet with no contradiction, has engaged us to lay before our learned readers an account of the premiums proposed by foreign academies, and the subjects to be treated on. The French being a rival nation in more than one sense, we shall begin with the royal academy of sciences at Paris, and continue our *academical journal* from time to time.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Premium in natural history proposed by the said academy.

The royal academy, ever disposed to contribute to the progress of sciences, being enabled to give every two years an extra-premium, had come to a resolution in 1777 that the subject should be *natural history* ; in consequence the following question was proposed to the investigation of the learned, viz.

An essay on the system of the lymphatic veins.

None of the memorials that have come to hand having solved the question in a satisfactory manner, the academicians have resolved to have the same subject further discussed, and propose the following queries :

Are there several species of lymphatic veins, as it has been maintained hitherto ?

Which is their origin and which their termination ?

Are all the parts of the body provided with those veins or vessels ?

What is their manner of acting in the conglobate glands ?

What is the course of those vessels whose trunks may be made sensible ?

VOL. XI.

S

Such

Such are the principal heads of which the academy requires a full elucidation. The members declare previously that they will attend to nothing but facts. Comparative anatomy may be called to the assistance of the natural one, but the greatest regard must be payed to the latter *in statu sanitatis* and not *in statu morbo*, because in this case the organization of the parts is not always exactly conformable to nature.

That the learned may be allowed a sufficient time to make the necessary inquiries into so important and difficult a matter, the premium will not be adjudged till the Easter-meeting of the academy in the year 1782 : but the essays must be forwarded before the 1st of January in the said year. As the intention of the members is to verify by experiments such observations as may appear novel, they require that the candidates will give a clear account of their proceedings, the instruments they shall have made use of, and the matters they shall employ in performing the injections : they also desire that their essays may be accompanied with drawings, or at least sketches, when it may appear necessary for a clear explanation.

The premium will be of the value of 1500 livres.

The learned of every country, even the foreign associates, are invited to concur in this matter, as none will be excluded but the *socii regnicolæ*.

The essays must be written in French or Latin, and the authors are requested to do it in a legible hand.

They need not put their names but only a motto. They may if they chuse inclose with the essay a paper, sealed up, with the said motto inscribed therein, together with their names, country, and places of abode. This will not be opened, unless the memorial or essay that bears it should deserve the premium. They are to direct, post paid, or cause their essays to be delivered to the secretary of the academy, who, in the latter case, will give a proper receipt, which, when produced, will entitle the bearer, or his agent, duly and legally authorized, to receive the proposed premium, in case such essay should become intitled to it, at the above appointed meeting of Easter, 1782.

Oeuvres de N. P. Colardeau de l'Académie Française.—The Works of N. P. Colardeau, Fellow of the French Academy. 2 vols. in 8vo. Paris apud Le Jay.

Ma

Mr. Colardeau, whether we consider him as a man of the world, or an author, is intitled to general esteem and approbation, as he did no less an honour to humanity by his moral character, than to the learned society of which he was a member by his learning and writings, which place him nearly upon a level with the most celebrated of his cotemporaries. His loss must be severely felt by the academy, who, mistaking the froth of genius for real literary merit, have chosen to succeed him, a Mr. *De la Harpe*, as great a pedant as ever disgraced literature, and as complete an Aristarchus as at any period infested the republic of letters. Virgil, describing the tree which carried the golden bough, says:

"Uno a vulso non deficit atter

"Aureus."

This does not seem to be the case with the French academy, where the authority of the sovereign, the cabal and interest of the great, have often more influence than genuine, but unsupported merit.

The collection now before us, published by a near relation of the deceased, contains nothing new but a comedy in five acts, which only serves to prove, that a man may be an excellent poet, have a thorough knowledge of the world, and be but an indifferent dramatic writer. This play which, according to the predominant taste of the French stage, tho' reprobated by reason and nature, is wrote in verse; abounds with several lucky strokes, and shews the easy pleasing poet throughout; but the fable is improbable, the incidents uninteresting, and the situations by no means descriptive of that *vis comica* which alone is the stamp that sets a proper value on those kind of productions.

The second volume consists of miscellaneous pieces of poetry, never published before, out of which we beg leave to lay before our readers the two following, as a specimen of Mr. Colardeau's poetry, much admired amongst his countrymen for his peculiar ease and elegance.

The first was intended as an inscription to a statue of Voluptuousness, represented in the seducing attitude of a woman supinely reclined and to all appearance fast asleep.

Comme un éliar, nait & meurt le plaisir,
Son feu follet à peine nous enflamme
Qu'il s'évapore & détruit le desir
Je ne sçais quoi lui survit dans notre ame;
C'est un repos voluptueux, charmant:
C'est le bonheur goûté dans le silence;
C'est des esprits un doux recueillement;
D'après les sens, c'est l'ame en jouissance.

Confidérez cette jeune beauté,
 L'œil entr'ouvert, la bouche demi-clofe,
 Rêveufe au fein de la tranquillité.
 Dormiroit-elle ? Oh non, elle repose ;
 Paifiblement fon cœur eft agité,
 Il eft ému ; devinez-en la caufe.
 Combien de cœurs ont ainfi palpité !
 Figurez-vous, pour mieux peindre la chofe,
 L'Amour tranquille après l'activité
 D'un plaifir vif nouvellement goûté,
 Se reposant fur des feuilles de rofe :
 Ce repos-la fe nomme volupté.
 L'art du cifeau, dans ce marbre, en expose
 Le charme heureux dans un fimple portrait ;
 Moi, j'ai vu plus : dire où... comment ?... je n'ofe ;
 Amour le fçait, je l'ai, mis du fecret."

The fecond is one out of eleven letters intituled *Epîtres à toi* (Epiftles to thee) the one which follows is alfo called
L'Amour trahi (Love betrayed)

" Je l'ai dit à l'écho, l'écho l'a répété ;
 Je l'ai dit au zéphir, le zéphir en murmure ;
 Je l'ai dit à la terre, au ciel épouvanté ;
 Enfin je veux le dire à toute la nature :
 Zelmire à la noirceur de l'infidélité,
 Vient d'unir, fans remords, le crime du parjure.

Je n'eus point l'art cruel de la tyrannifer ;
 L'ingrate ! Elle me vit, adorateur timide,
 N'ofier rien, quand peut-être il falloit tout ofer ;
 Son choix, fon goût, fon cœur, tout pour moi la décide ;
 Elle m'aime, le jure, & j'en crois le baifer
 Offert & recueilli fur fa bouche perfide.

Des fermens qu'elle a faits ces lieux furent témoins ;
 Sous ce hêtre, où nos noms furent gravés par elle,
 Mon bonheur fur l'objet de fes plus tendres foins :
 Les droits que m'accordoit fa faveur infidelle,
 S'ils font anéantis, font attellés du moins,
 Et fans les garantir, tout ici les rappelle.

Malheureux ! de quel coup me fuis-je vu frapper ?
 Hier un autre amant, dans ce lieu folitaire,
 Lui prodigua des vœux dont il fçut l'occuper :
 Loin que mon fouvenir fervit à l'en diftraire,
 Tout ce que l'inhumaine a dit pour me tromper,
 Sa bouche mille fois l'a redit pour lui plaire.

Zelmire, ce rival vengera ton amant,
 Puisse-t-il être ingrat autant que je fus tendre !

Qu'il jure de t'aimer pour rompre son serment ;
Qu'a des charmes nouveaux il brûle de se rendre,
Et puisses-tu souffrir, par un double tourment,
L'affront de voir ta honte, & l'horreur de l'entendre !

Cupra Maritima, &c.—An essay on Cupra Maritima, a Town in the Pienum of March of Ancona. By Abbate Joseph Colucci, in 4to. Muerata apud Chiappini and Antonio Cortesi.

Mention is made by the ancient geographers of two towns called *Cupra* ; the one *Cupra Montana*, the other *Cupra Maritima*. The latter is the subject of Colucci's Dissertation, divided into three parts. The first describes the site and foundation of that town. The second treats of its history, from its foundation to its decline. The third speaks of the temple erected to the goddess *Cupra* (the Juno of the Etrurians) in the above town to which no doubt it gave its name, as well as to *Cupra Montana*. The author displays throughout a very great learning and knowledge of antiquity, and cannot but meet with a very distinguished reception from the lovers of topographical descriptions,

Esame Analytica, &c.—Analytical Essay on the Legal System, with this Epigraph. *Communio Fœdera pacis. Lucr. Lib. V.* 4to. Naples apud Raimondi.

This work is divided into three books, bearing the following titles : 1st. The Law of Nature. 2d. The Perfectibility of Man considered by himself. 3d. Of Man's Perfectibility in Society. This latter part concludes with an Appendix, in which the paradox of that whimsical philosopher J. J. Rousseau in favour of a savage and forest life, is strenuously attacked and victoriously confuted. The author is Mr. Philip Briganti a noble of Gallipoli and correspondent of the royal academy of sciences and belles-lettres of Naples.

Bacco Poeta, &c.—Bacchus Poet, a Dithyrambus, by Dr. Jean-Baptiste Fanucci, 8vo. Pisa apud Pieraccini.
A long

A long but ingenious and truly poetical paraphrase of this line of Tibulus.

Ille Liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu.

Arte Ostetricia, &c.—Theoretico-practical Essay on the Art of Midwifery; by Joseph Nefsi, M. D. and professor of Surgery in the University of Pavia, 8vo. with a Preface and Dedictory Epistle al Signore de Brambillo.

This book is intitled to the fairest reception from all the lovers of humanity. It is the valuable work of a professed anatomist, an expert man-midwife, and a learned naturalist. Dr. Cressi had a difficulty to overcome, generally accounted insuperable, we mean, popular and rooted prejudice. Several thought that the obstetrical art is not useless but in direct opposition to public good. This irrational contempt had hitherto awed into silence the Italian practitioners, and deprived that country of some excellent treatises on midwifery: but, rising superior to popular clamours, Mr. Nefsi has published his Essay which vies with the best productions on that subject in any part of Europe.

Historia della Repubblica Romana, &c.—The History of the Roman Common-wealth, in which the Errors of Titus Livius are pointed out, by comparing his Accounts with the Greek and Latin Historians; with some Philosophical Reflections founded on the Legislation and Conduct of the Romans, tending to establish the Truth of the Principle laid down by Cumberland: *the Good of rational Beings depends on the happiness of the Community.* By Abbate Gaspar Garcia, late a Capucin Fryer, 8vo. 5 vols.

The intent of the author is fully explained in his long-winded title. He means to consider the Roman History as a code of laws, and the epitome of all the social virtues. His style resembles much that of Muratorie, whose exactitude he has scrupulously followed both in his chronology and criticism. The author speaks as follows of the method which he has adopted.

“ Fully persuaded that those historians are less guilty of flattery and

and exaggerations who were bound by no ties of interest to the nation they speak of I resolved to write after what has been said by the Greek authors, concerning the Romans who were neither so exact nor sincere as the former, and to have ever before me the works of Livy, in order to point out the errors into which he has fallen."

Mr. Garcia then gives the enumeration of the originals which he hath consulted.

"The Greek authors which I have chosen for my guides are Dyonisius Halicarnassus, to the year of Rome 312. His Chronology has been of infinite service to me in rectifying that of the following ages, concerning which Livy has committed many errors. In regard to the wars against the Veii, Samnites, Tarantini and Pyrrhus, to the Punic wars, Dion Cassius, Diodorus Siculus, and Plutarch in his Life of Camillus have been of considerable service to me. For the Punic wars I have specially consulted Polybius; and for those which the Romans waged in Macedonia, Etolia, Achaia, and Asia, I have availed myself mostly of Plutarch's authority. Amongst the Latin writers Sallust, and even Cæsar himself have been consulted as well as Tacitus and Suetonius, the two latter for the lives of the Emperors."

Were this work to be viewed only as a history, it would certainly pass for the best founded in truth: but it may also be considered as a complete collection of lectures on moral virtues, grounded on the example of that people the most admirable that ever existed, together with some excellent reflections which the author has had the art to render interesting by the manner in which they are presented.

Raccolta, &c.—Miscellaneous Collection in Prose and Verse, on Scientific and Literary Subjects, by several eminent Italian Authors. vol. 1st. 8vo. Ferrara *apud* Rinaldi.

Mr. Antoni Meloni is the Editor of this very interesting Collection, a volume of which is to appear every three months. The one now under consideration contains, 1st. a Letter from Abbate Cajetano Migliori giving to Mr. Giordani Patriarch of Antioch, an explanation of an inscription on stone found at Rome, December 1776, in digging the foundation of the New Vestry at St. Peter's: the inscription is of the reign of the Emperor Justinian.

2dly, a Latin Oration delivered by Titus Vespasianus Strozzi of Ferrara, before Pope Innocent VIII. to whom he had been sent ambassador by Hercules I. Duke of Ferrara. This

is extracted from a book bearing neither date nor printer's name, and which is preserved in the library of the Dominican Friars in that city.

3dly, *The Praise of Solitude*, by Padre Antonio-Maria Mini, Carmelite.

4thly, *A Letter from Abbate John Andres*, concerning a demonstration given by Galilaei, of a false hypothesis on the acceleration of gravitation.

5thly, *An Introduction to the Science of Medals*: the author Anonymous, but the article supposed to have been sent from Rome.

6thly, *A Dissertation on all Kinds of Fevers and Agues in General*, by Mr. Angelo De la Fabbra, M. D. of Ferrara.

Lastly, *MUSIC*, a Cantata, by John Bonaccioli, a Citizen of Ferrara. This Collection does equal honour to the genius of the writers and the taste of the editor.

S P A I N.

Erpositio Parafraslia, &c.—*The Book of Psalms paraphrased in Spanish Verses*; together with explanatory Notes by the most eminent Writers on Sacred Subjects; by Padre Francois Jean de Solo, of the Order of St. Augustine. Madrid, *apud* Fernandez.

ERRATA, VOL. X.

Page 435, line 12, *cours*, read *jours*.

ibid, in the Parody of the lines of Voltaire, 2d. line, *Leur*, read *ta*, in the lines quoted from that writer, line 2d, *ta*, read *Leur*.

Page 439, first Latin line *tenas* read *tentas*.

444, in the account of *La Morale del Sentimento*, *Dam* read *Don*.

ibid, line 12, *mortifying* read *modifying*.

Sutton-Abbey, a Novel, in a Series of Letters, founded on Facts,
2 vols. 12mo. 5s. sewed: Richardson and Urquhart.

At this period novel-writing seems to be at a very low ebb, and the novelist does but little credit to his *heart* or *abilities*.

For a good novel is now become a *rara avis*. Most are replete with *indelicias*, and inflated *love-stories*. Probability of events, so essential to a novel, are rarely preserved. And as they are written in so *loose* a strain, they have a fatal influence on the tender and susceptible minds of the growing generation of both sexes. From the present appearance of things this is too true to be denied. Were circulating libraries to be examined, and cleared of such *pernicious trash*, we imagine, many a shelf would be left vacant. But such writings suit the taste of the age; therefore the press groans under such wretched productions, and,

Sermons are less read than tales.

A levity is gone abroad, its baneful influence is extensive; so it is urgent to be gratified. On this account, writings of a serious cast are thrown by, and loose novels, or books of a similar tendency, are adopted, in their stead.

With respect to the novel before us, it is possessed of more delicacy and seriousness than the generality of novels which have lately fallen under our cognizance. It is written by a lady, to which she hath prefixed the following Dedication.

“ To the REVIEWERS.

“ *Gentlemen,*

“ Be favourable, if you can! a woman sues; a woman, who, if she could make herself and family known to you, would not (she is led to hope by the encouragement she has ever met with from her acquaintance) sue in vain: but these she must conceal.

“ Fearful of the just censure of the unprejudiced critic, she trembles with apprehension at the thoughts of publishing.

“ When the following pages were wrote, they were not intended for publication. At that period the writer was acquainted with most of the characters which under feigned names are represented; and if they are not sufficiently marked, she begs it may be remembered, that the discovery of them was only the penetration of a very young woman, who, if sometimes she judged too hastily, has ever received the highest satisfaction in exploring worthy characters.

“ Her pages are stained with the vices of but one of a set of beings from which her sex cannot be too much cautioned—not that caution is her presumptuous style—she is sensible she is not equal to it.

VOL.

T

“ Suffice

" Suffice it to say, that the author of Sutton-Abbey hopes the employment of her pen will, if it gives not *instruction*, be at least an innocent amusement to many of her countrywomen.

" The motive that impelled her to publish it is a just one;—one which she is persuaded, would, if she dare avow it, raise the smile of approbation, and blind the eye of censure. That she may deserve the critic's frown she is too sensible of, to present her pages without the greatest fear, and that she may escape the eye of censure, is the humble and sincere wish of,

Gentlemen,

with the greatest respect,

yours, &c. &c."

'Tis cruel to the last degree, to deny a lady a reasonable request. We for our parts willingly pay all imaginable respect to the fair-sex; but then, in our *official capacity*, as *critical grey-beards*, we must not be influenced so far by their *kind speeches*, as to permit them entirely to bias our judgment. In this case we are inclined to the merciful side. However, we cannot with justice class our petitioning fair-one, with those British ladies, who form a constellation in the literary world. They have left her in a lower sphere, where she *sheds* only a dim and *glimmering light*.

We advise (*as friends*) our author to study the English Grammar with attention, in case she has any design of appearing in *print* again, as the present novel contains several grammatical inaccuracies.

To do our author justice, we will lay before our readers a letter. From this they will in some measure be capable of forming a judgment of her *merit*.

The following letter contains a *Sister's Advice to a Brother*

" My dear Edward desires to hear from his sister Fanny. I comply with his desire in compliment to his request: though had it been made to your mama, my dear, it would have been much better fulfilled. It will, I fear, appear presumption in me, to presume to dictate to you while you are blessed with her. But I hope to convey her sentiments to you. My affection suggests a thousand fears! You are going into a new world; you rush at once from the maternal wing, amongst a set of beings who are almost perfect strangers to you. The hurried imagination of youth, sees good and bad alike—I fear for you.—The first friends of young people very often stamp their future dispositions:—be careful then with whom you contract an intimacy; let merit alone attract you:—your disposition is naturally good, but you must endeavour to conquer that warmth of temper which as yet I have observed but to encrease; you are to consider life as a long voyage; our unruly passions are the rocks we often split upon the storms fatal to our peace!

Oft in the passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action in ourselves is lost :
Fir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.

"The greatest knowledge is 'ourselves to know.' Attain that knowledge, conquer every unruly passion, and make yourself the favourite of God and man. While you pay a strict observance to the laws of your heavenly Father, and give him the worship due to him, you need not fear his protection. It is a very mistaken opinion some people have, that when they grow old, and have lost all relish for this world, it is time enough to think of their God! Had you a dependant who refused to serve you when in his youth and strength, would you, do you think pay that attention to his attempts when you know they proceeded from an inability to serve any other? Let me, therefore, beg of you, my dear brother, to 'remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, saith the Lord, and I will preserve them alive.' Not as to this world only, but to eternity! Fear God, and you will have nothing else to fear—secure you will smile amidst the dreadful storm; your hope is in him only who is able to preserve you. I need hardly mention the attention you must pay to those who have the command of you: it is so necessary to gain what we all desire, the esteem of our superiors, that I suppose it natural to you. Consider your proper behaviour, in every respect, is necessary to the peace of a tender parent, who places all the enjoyment in the prosperity of her children, and to the happiness of your sisters, who love you with tenderness. No idle excuse will ever be allowed for your disliking a life that has ever been your own choice—Indeed, I believe and hope you will never have a wish to quit it till, by your steady application, you have gained sufficient to remain the rest of your days in your native land. A desire of riches seems not yet to taint your dawning virtues:—never let it approach your heart, my dear brother; for a thirst after them is the bane to peace and virtue—never is that thirst satisfied; like a consuming fire it destroys every generous noble principle, and leaves not a tract of the human heart; imbitters all our joys, for be assured,

'Tis not vain grandeur that contentment brings,

From our own minds the satisfaction springs.

"Happiness is our constant search here on earth, how few, comparatively speaking, attain it? The reason is obvious: how few search for it aright! Some think to find it in greatness, the mere echo of a name, some in riches, vain pursuit!—some in fame.

"What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,

A thing beyond us, e'en before our death!

"Some run the round of pleasure's giddy maze!

"And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrustful, asks if this be joy?

"For

"For a successful search after happiness, give me leave to refer you to the admirable author I have before mentioned, whose lines on the subject I will transcribe for you, as you may not have them at hand.

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below;
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good, without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives.
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain.
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
And but more relish'd, as the more distress'd.
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far, than virtue's very tears.
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd:
Never elated while one man's oppress'd,
Never dejected while another's blest'd:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain
Since but to wish more virtues is to gain.

"Adieu my beloved brother! may one prosperous gale attend you through life. May every just wish of your heart be accomplished, and may many succeeding years find us in the possession of those blessings we now enjoy: and if it be Heaven's will, may they increase.—But let us always think, 'Whatever is, is right!'"

Should the above extract be insufficient to gratify the taste of any of our readers, we refer such to the performance itself, so that they may carve for themselves. Q

Poems to her Majesty. To which is added a new Tragedy entitled the Earl of Somerset: literally founded on History; with a prefatory Address, &c. By Henry Lucas, A. M. Student of the Middle Temple, Author of the Tears of Almvick, Vist from the Shades, &c. Printed for the Author. 4to. 1s. 6d. Davis.

After reading the Conflict, a poem, inserted in the prefatory address to the tragedy, we should consider ourselves indeed ill-natured, were we to use that strictness of criticism which might damp a genius whose heart and mind both seem entirely devoted to literature, notwithstanding he appears the student for the bar. We therefore, to assist him in his suit to the Muses, shall first, to encourage him in his progress, observe his perfections; and to remove impediments

to the ladies favour, we shall point out such as may in his next plea be avoided.

Melpomene is a coy dame, and requires so many perfections in her votaries, that few---very few have been so happy as to succeed in their suit. Although she is serious herself, she likes spirit in those who solicit her good graces. Although gravity pleases her, it must be attended by ease, grace, and dignity. So that the affection of a pedant ill suits that majestic ease which, above all, pleases her the most.

But to have done with her ladyship, and to attend to the offering Mr. Lucas has made her, we proceed to observe some particulars relative to its characters, passion, sentiments, and language.

The choice of the story is calculated to shew the bad effects of inordinate love, and ill-placed ambition. Two passions which more interest and injure mankind than all the rest. So that he deserves every praise for its choice, especially as it is founded on our own history.

The characters are, in generally, tolerably drawn, excepting Rochester. We think the point of his pencil was rather dull in not making his features more striking of the artful courtier who risked, and thereby lost the life of an innocent friend, for being too sincerely interested in his welfare, and also to gratify his lust of title and inordinate love of an ambitious wanton.

He has, however, made ample amends in his character of James. In his, we perceive the strokes of a master. His traits are finely agreeable to those of history. The credulous dupe of his own pride and vanity, and the would-have-been tyrant, but for the weakness of his head and pusillanimity of his heart. Observe the following soliloquy.

“ What is prerogative, or right divine,
If ev’ry subject dares at it’s controul ?---
Must kingly patience crouch, as in the toil,
Slave to each minion’s will ? Must monarchy
Descend so vilely low, to supplicate
The vassal’s duty, in his country’s cause ?
First would we hurl the sceptre from our hand,
Ere we’d degrade that pow’r, thro’ life enjoy’d,
To send a prouder wight on public service !
Well does the Roman proverb bid “ *confine*
“ *Each in his proper sphere !* ” Here, double traitor !
Not only scorn our honour, but assert,
That ROCHESTER---the parent of his state---
Will answer his refusal---his own words
Shall judge him, and condemn---”

In regard to the passions, notwithstanding they want more heightening of expression, they are natural to the characters, excepting Overbury in exclaiming,

“ Oh, that the gathering storm would burst betimes
And crush my greater fears !”

This betray of fear does not accord with that nobleness of soul we suppose him to have possessed.

The sentiments are most just and beautiful, as may be perceived in the following extracts,

“ Not so, Sir William !

Serv'd I them once !---But 'tis still thus
When rising how they cringe, and court your service !
Let but smallest difference with their lord
Slacken the cement of self-founded love,
Down sinks their rotten flattery and zeal,
Like a loose fabrick, tumbling to it's base !
Forth on the ruins spring the selfish tribe,
Contending each the merit to depress you ;
As---like the phoenix---from you ashes sprung
To light and life, they gloried in your fall !
Oh ! 'tis their NATURE's vice ! and thence it seems,
They knew of my distress.”

“ How just th' alarm,

When faith betrays to ruin, friendship yields
To female machination ;---If 'tis thus---
Bethink SEDUCTRESS, and misguided lord !
How short-liv'd is the glare of fancied joys,
That seem to shine upon you ! whose attainment,
Purchas'd by foul DISHONOUR, melts away,
And sinks like dross before the proving blaze,
As transient as impure---founded on vice,
Weak is their basis, great will be their fall ;
And, if I err not, sudden !”

The language would have been more elegant, had it been less affected. Inversion does not suit the dialogue of tragedy as it does the narration of epic poetry. It should be, therefore, as sparingly used as possible. As our author seems to have had Shakespeare often in view, we wonder he did not imitate that simple elegance of diction which constitutes one of his numberless excellencies.

One great source of bombast is, when the language is too artful for the passion. One author has sometimes *soared* to this error. For instance ;

“ Even

“ Even so---or on the dawning of my hopes,
The SUN of bliss descends!

The following metaphor is just, but, by not being continued through the sentence, there is an impropriety in supposing a Scyon to kneel obedient as the *pupil* of the hand which raised it.

—————And SOMERSET

The lowly Scyon, rais'd by princely care,
The pupil of your hand, thus kneels obedient---

Some of the expressions are trite, as “ haste to secure the means.” And some are trivial, as “ Go to.” Although Shakespeare so often made use of it, by reason it was in his day a familiar expression; it now being deservedly obsolete, and in itself so insignificant, we think it trifling in a modern author to disgrace his works with it; especially a tragedy like the EARL OF SOMERSET which has more beauties than defects.

W:

—————
The Vision: a Poem, on the Death of Lord Lyttleton. Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Abingdon, 4to. 1s. Millidge.

In reading the advertisement prefixed to this poem, we find an insinuation that indicates the utmost malice, unless it were authorised by some greater certainty than mere suspicion. It is—that Lord Littleton was privately poisoned by those who are said to have dreaded his longer existence, as he might have put a period to theirs.

The Poem itself has that insipidity of design, thought, and invention, that we think it paying it too great a compliment by extracting the following,

“ My country, oh! my bleeding country see!
'Tis she implores a short reprieve for me;
Ruin hangs hov'ring o'er her drooping head,
Her sons are struck with universal dread:
I feel, I feel fair freedom's spirit glow,
And conscience warns me to avert the blow.

Too

Too late I see the cause, why time is giv'n;
 Its worth below, and rich reward in heav'n;
 If us'd in virtue, and my country's cause,
 Which groans beneath oppression's savage laws;
 Long has my breast indignant felt her woes,
 Yet wanted pow'r their sources to disclose;
 But now, my soul determin'd, scorns the train,
 Who with infernal scourge o'er England reign;
 This voice shall all her secret foes proclaim,
 And wake in British breasts a raging flame;
 Whose blaze to their astonish'd sight shall shew,
 Crimes which not royal roofs shall hide from view:
 No more shall freedom's sons my name revile,
 As basely basking in a tyrant's smile;
 Shall I in silence see her islands sold,
 Her best blood barter'd for infernal gold;
 Her liberties destroy'd, her commerce fled,
 And all her conquests in oblivion led?
 Shall I know this, and lend my voice or hand,
 To strengthen or to screen an impious band
 Of villains, traitors, who for pow'r or gain,
 Brand with foul infamy a Brunswick's reign?
 Forbid it, heav'n! and by my father's shade,
 The soul of Lyttelton shall be displayed;
 Oh! spare me then, 'till the great deed is done,
 A deed which shall for all my crimes atone;
 But if on high the fatal mandate's past,
 Of each fond wish---save England! be my last."

Answers to Correspondents.

If OXONIENSIS will take the trouble to peruse the *latest* editions of the work in question, he will find that we have not misconceived the author.

Our other Correspondents, we hope, will not deem us neglectful of their favours if we defer either inserting or answering their letters till next month.